VOGUE®

DEC.
1

SPECIAL
CHRISTMAS ISSUE

A

Feast for the Eye

The Most Extraordinary Eyes
in the World... Barbra Streisand...
The Beatles... Catherine Deneuve...
Fabulous Nepal... Articles by:
Elizabeth Bowen, Anthony West,
Arthur Schlesinger... India's Greatest
Dancer... White Whales... A Glory of
Peonies... The Onassis Yacht...
Fashion for Bright Nights
and Days in
the Sun



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Bob Stone



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DECEMBER, 1968

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PENN

COVER: A feast of dazzle for the Christmas eye—the Crusader's hood framing the face in a blaze of diamanté light . . . huge facetted stones linked together with golden rings. By Jules Van Rouge; Swarovski stones. Made to order at Henri Bendel; Swanson's; Sakowitz; Joseph Magnin.

This cover, photographed by Irving Penn, is his one hundred-and-thirty-fifth for Vogue in the course of a brilliant twenty-five year career. Also in this issue, two photographic essays by Penn: "A Glory of Peonies" and "Nepal."

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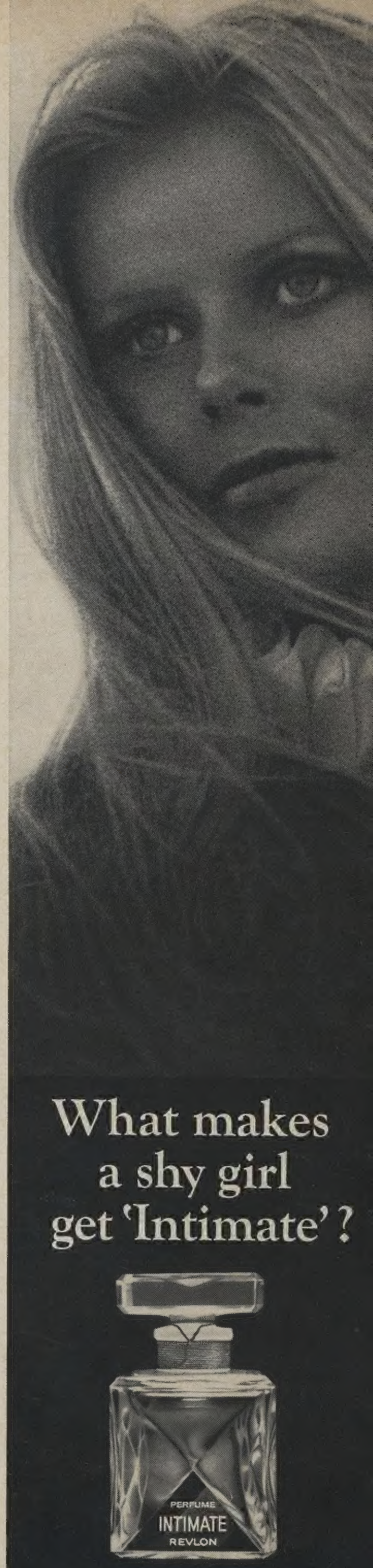
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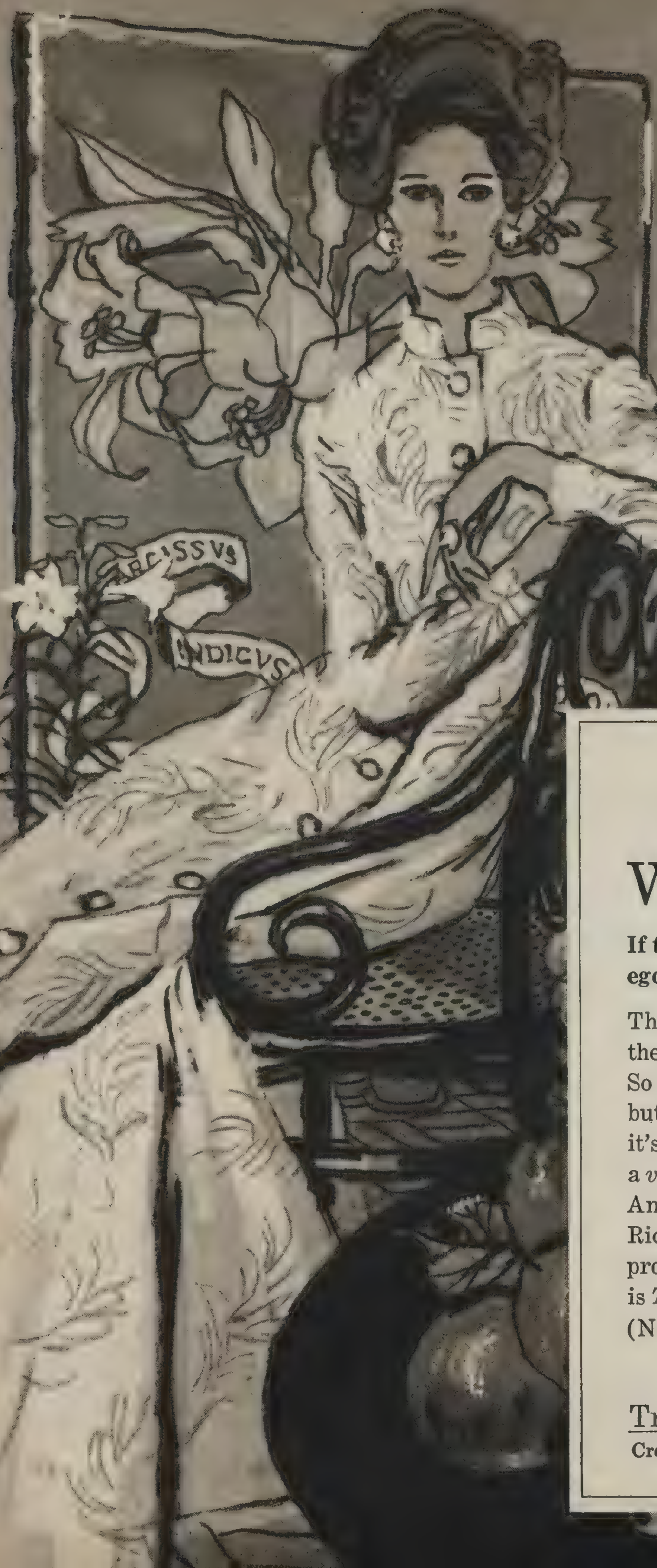
The Italian Eye casts sidelong glances in dramatic new 'Winged Lashes'. Lush, triple-full and upswept at the sides.

The Spanish Eye ruffles the atmosphere in thick, shaggy, extra-impact lashes: 'Ultra-Fringed'. The absolute end in foreign intrigue.

New 'Ultima' II Import Collection of Eyelashes

Created by Revlon for the woman of elegance

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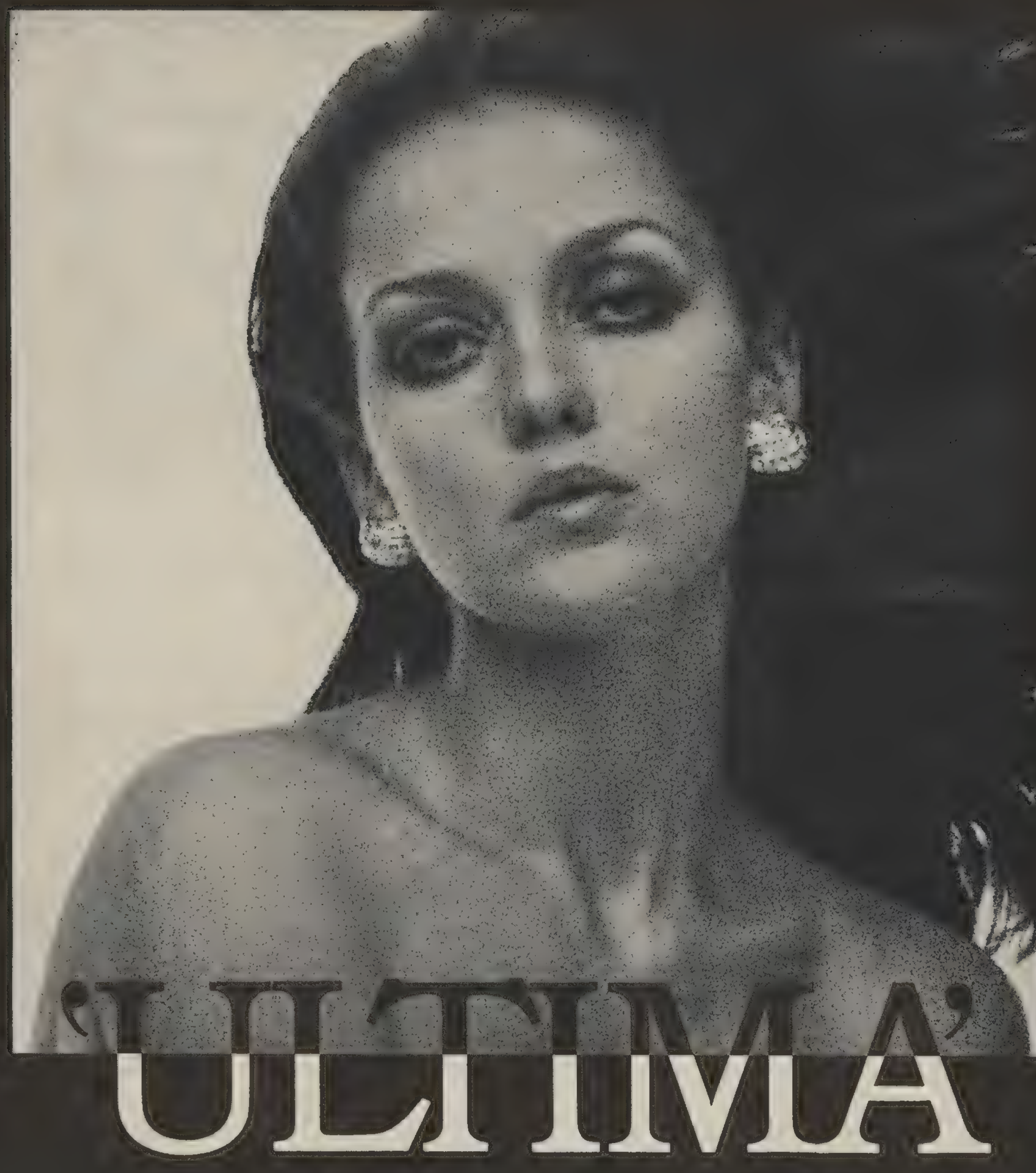
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Phil Mazzurco
VOGUE, December, 1968

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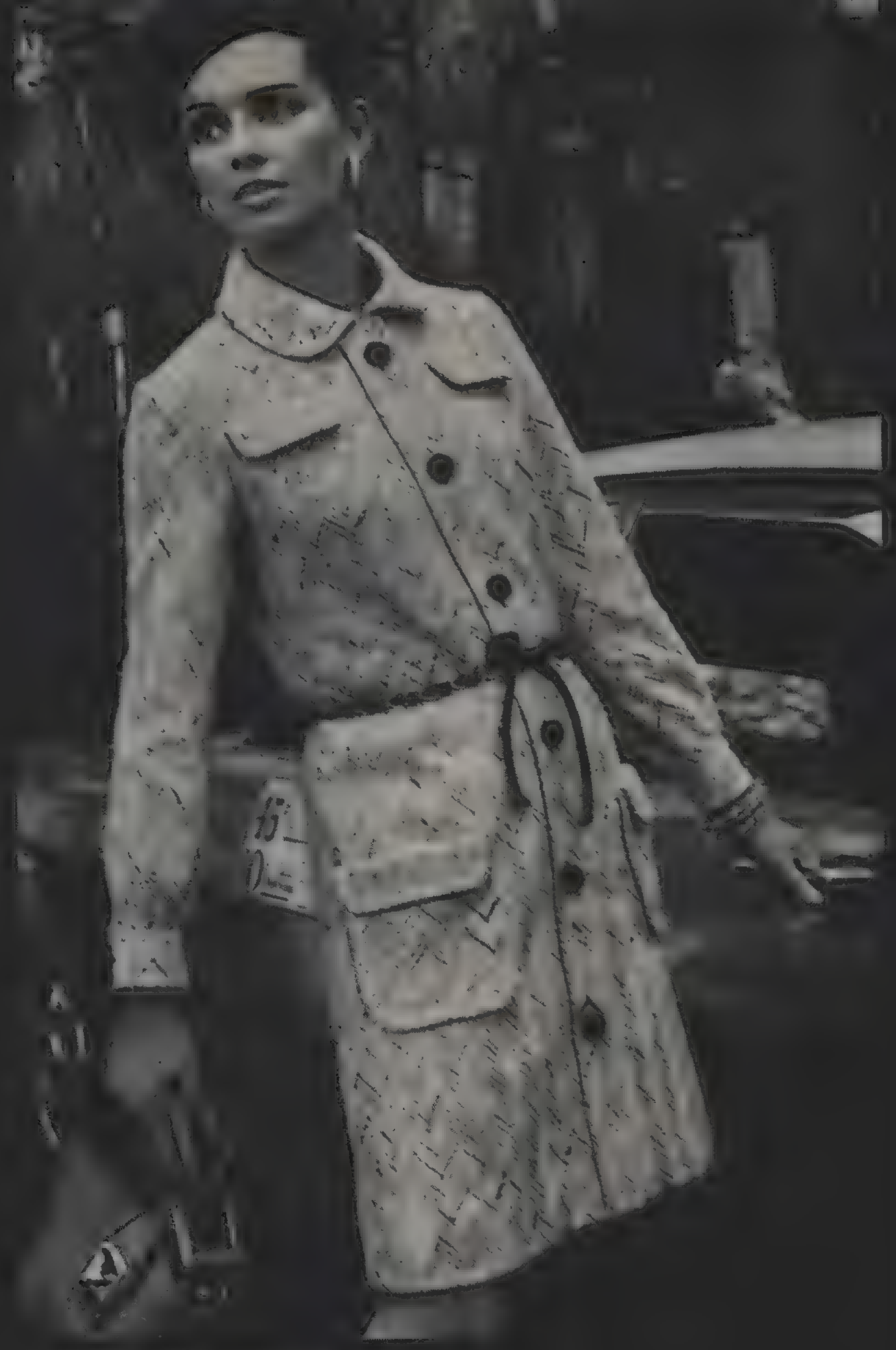






TO THE NEW BREED OF WOMAN:

from
Leslie Fay, Inc.



LESLIE FAY

LESLIE JUNIORS



LESLIE FAY, INC.

Love letter to the new breed of woman:

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LESLIE POMER. Easy going in a tie-around knit shift. Of Arnel® triacetate and linen in taupe, blue or navy stripes; 12½-22½, about $40.

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CHANEL

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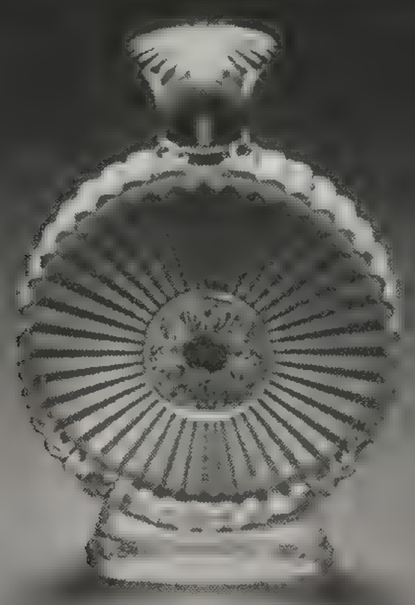
Diamonds: Harry Winston

Virginia Thoren-Rice

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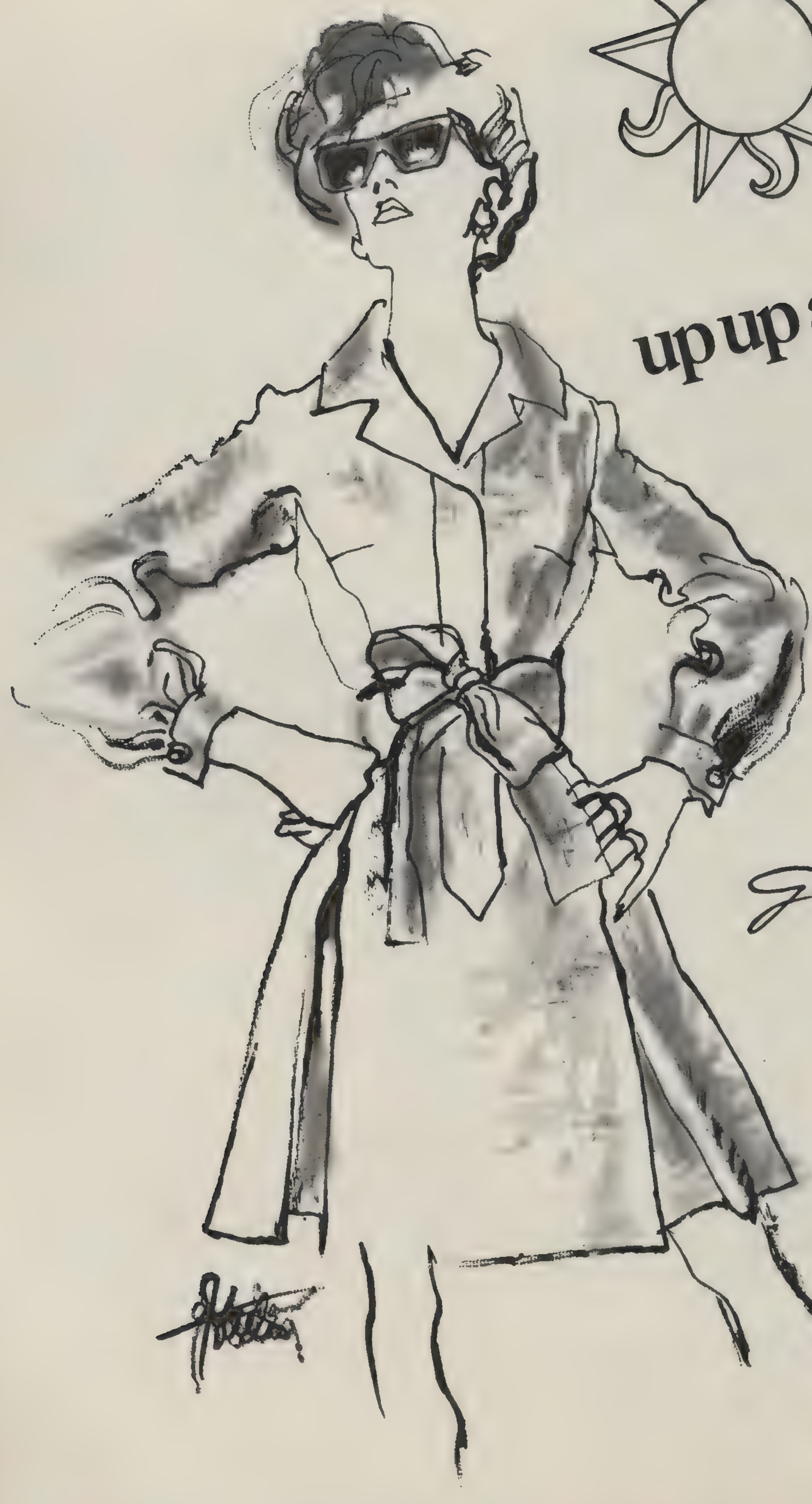
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Mr. Dino went a little dotty and hand-printed and signed this double-knit of Fortrel polyester from Edmos Fabrics. You'll go a little dotty, too, over the way it stays fluid and vibrant. Top, about $30.00; pants, about $28.00. Both 6-16 in yellow/black on white, or red/navy on white. At Lord & Taylor, New York; Burdine's, Miami; Jacobson's Michigan, Jackson; Robinson's, Los Angeles; Sakowitz, Houston.



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Christmas 1968: Estée Lauder

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Youth-Dew Fragrance Oval $5.00
Estée Lauder



Golden Weave Compact $15.00
Estée Lauder



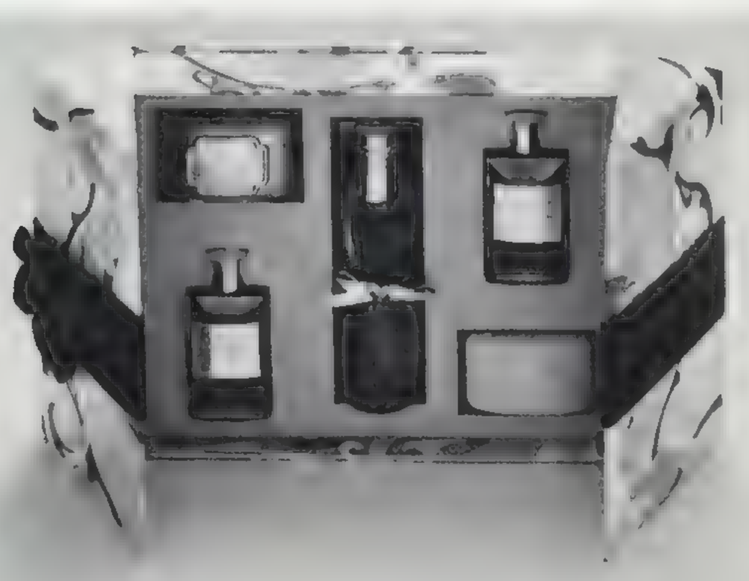
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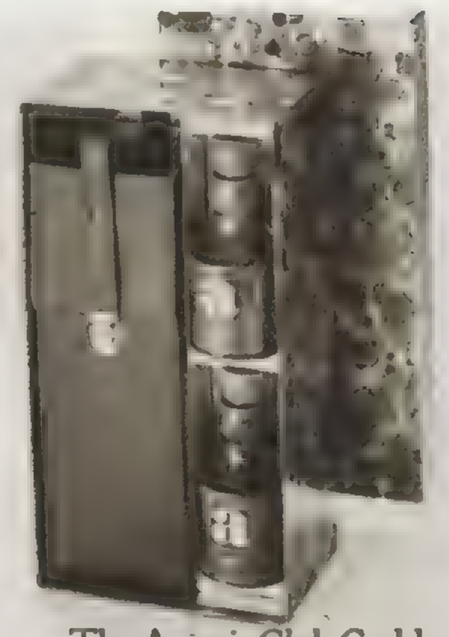
Christmas 1968: Aramis



Aramis Spray Cologne $7.50



The Aramis Brownstone:
5 oz. Cologne $10.00



The Aramis Club Caddy:
2 Grooming Agents $37.50

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Aramis After Shave (4 oz.) $5.00



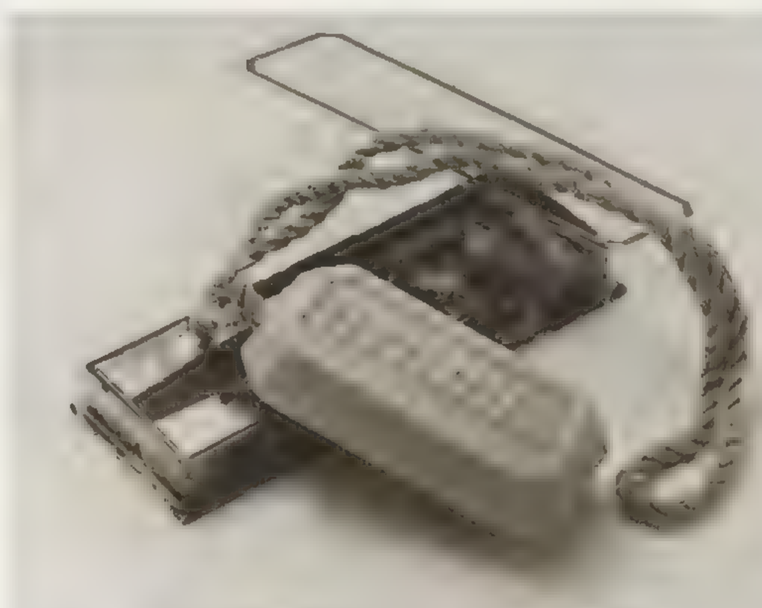
The Aramis Corduroy Field Kit $17.50



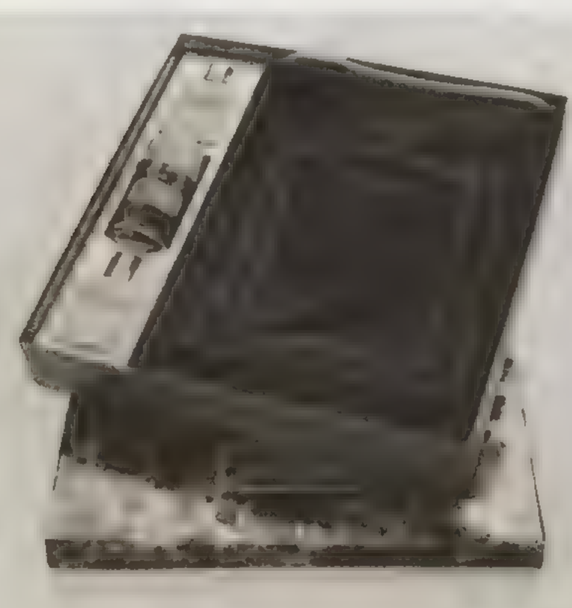
The Aramis Exchequer:
Wooden Stud Box, 2 Grooming Agents $15.00



The Aramis Connoisseur:
After Shave and Cologne $10.00



Aramis Shampoo-on-a-Rope $5.00



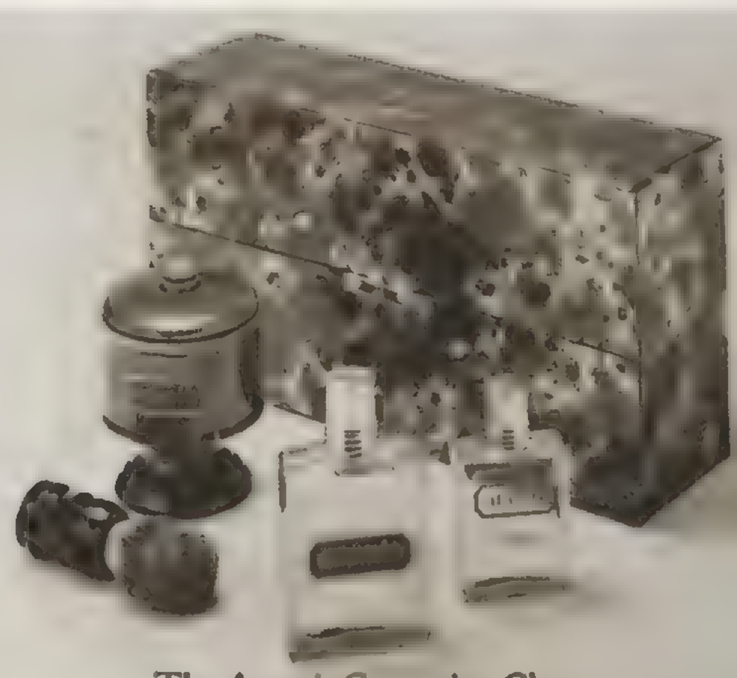
The Aramis Courier:
Terry Wrap-Around, 3 Grooming Agents $18.50



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VOGUE'S READY BEAUTY

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Help, here, with an enduring quality—results of which can be appreciated for years after. . . . *Premise:* The face that faces the camera, shattered by a shutter. . . . *Promise:* Makeup that takes a perfect picture, craftily done by an expert. *Subject,* in this case: Author in need of photograph for book jacket—the same sort of crisis that might overtake any professional person, a committee member faced with the thought of her picture in the *Times,* anyone who ventures into a house that contains a Polaroid or a party that lures the paparazzi. *That expert,* providing the help: Evelyn Marshall. Procedure, as follows. . . . Starts with a "crème wash" squirted from a tube, worked into lather on face and throat. "Makeup can be no better than your face," says attractive, fresh-voiced Miss Marshall who counsels as she works. Next step, her foundation, hypoallergenic, moisturized, in golden beige (author is pale-blue-eyed blonde) that starts behind and below the ear to blend with the throat, skids over entire face, gets blotted with linen tissues. To trick the camera about shadows under eyes and nose-to-mouth lines, something new at the Marshall house—Shado-Screen, in a peachy tone, painted on with a sable brush. Then tawny cream rouge, slicked from cheekbone to temples, with inroads to eyelid, to fill out the eyes. Transparent beige powder fluffed on generously. Deep shading rouge—another camera-foiler—is powdered around: to shadow the cheeks, to thin the nose, to tidy up the chin line. Next, eyes. Author requests fake lashes since her own are pale, claims her light blue eyes look faded in photographs. Eye makeup begins with pearly white shadow—actually cultured pearls crushed into a cake. Miss Marshall brushes this on lids just above lashes, says "white up under the brow is out—so easily overdone, eyes look like golf balls." On lower eyelid, a soft *blue* eyeliner to "make the eyeball white." Then brush-on brow in ash brown, and a cool blotting all over with a wet sponge to set the makeup. Time now for the fake lashes, blond, and a brush of brown cream mascara on upper and lower lashes. Lipstick, in a blending child's-mouth colour. A final dash of EM Day—a tingling Marshall specialty made from Peruvian fruit, that works to tighten the skin, gives a fresh set to makeup. . . . *Result,* as promised: a great photograph—originally scheduled for inside of book jacket, rescheduled for back outside. Ha! suddenly we're friends with the camera again. . . . Evelyn Marshall personally-trained makeup consultants at Saks Fifth Avenue, New York City, Beverly Hills, Calif.; Marie Leavell, Dallas, Texas. . . .

(More Ready Beauty, page 102)

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A DAZZLE OF ART BOOKS

By Lawrence Campbell

Beyond Modern Sculpture: $15

A spectre is haunting art—the spectre of a bandwagon disappearing into a future controlled by robots. If today's sculptor (by inference, the painter also) refuses to heed the warning, he is doomed to fossildom without subsidy, according to Jack Burnham, sculptor and Fellow at the Center for Advanced Visual Studies at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. This book attempts to deal with what he calls "the destructive-creative duality of technics as it effects the *archaic* [Burnham's italics] endeavour of making sculpture." By the year 2000—assuming no mammoth catastrophe intervenes to return us to the palaeolithic—the techniques of carving and modelling will be obsolete, indeed are already irrelevant.

I think it is clear that a progression of steel cubes, hundreds of balloons filled with helium, environments of fluorescent light fixtures, telemagnetic and robot objects, the horrifying moral tableaux of Edward Kienholz, and the brilliant *tensegrity* structures of Kenneth Snelson, can not accurately be termed sculpture —but so what? Must this mark the end of an era? Need a marriage of art with technology necessarily end with the second eating up the first? Are not these developments, at their best, extensions of art into realms previously closed?

Under the guise of a mock objectivity (like the banker who writes, "We regret that we shall be obliged to foreclose if. . . .") Burnham welcomes a future he sees as certainty. He wrote in his preface: "Increasingly, materialism embraces those activities which were once thought to be purely spiritual in substance and origin. It is not spirituality which has diminished—in art or any other activity—but materialism which has grown to vast proportions. If this materialism is not to become a lethal incubus, we must understand it for what it really is. Retreat into outmoded forms is no solution." Note the "threat" words: purely, outmoded. And always this ring of certainty: "If Marcel Duchamp was not the first, he remains the most widely recognized artist to uncover the inherent absurdity of the *objet d'art* as a source of spiritual authority." (As *objets d'art* Burnham disposes of all Gothic, Renaissance, Baroque, and most modern sculpture.)

Burnham thinks of modern didactic art (by didactic he means art giving such information as: How big? Made with what?) as not residing in material existences, but in relations between people and the components of their environments. Does he think of art as a group decision? Are we heading for a neo-tribal art, some kind of updated version of the impersonal, plastered skulls from Sepik River in New Guinea? And what's all this rot about art residing in material existences?

Facing the last page is a reproduction of an object-sculpture like a plumbing fixture, entitled "God," by Morton L. Schamberg, a pioneer American Abstractionist who died in 1918. It makes a fitting epitaph to a pretentious book which nonetheless does raise some important questions. (George Braziller.)

Lautrec by Lautrec: $14.95

Actually this book is not by Lautrec but by Philippe Huisman. It consists of an informative, nostalgic view of the artist and his background supported by a plethora of letters, photographs, and other memorabilia from the archives of Mme. M. G. Dortu who inherited them from Maurice (Continued on page 94)

THE SIGNATURE TELLS THE STORY

Herbert Levy

Schiffli ensemble shown on opposite page also at these fine stores

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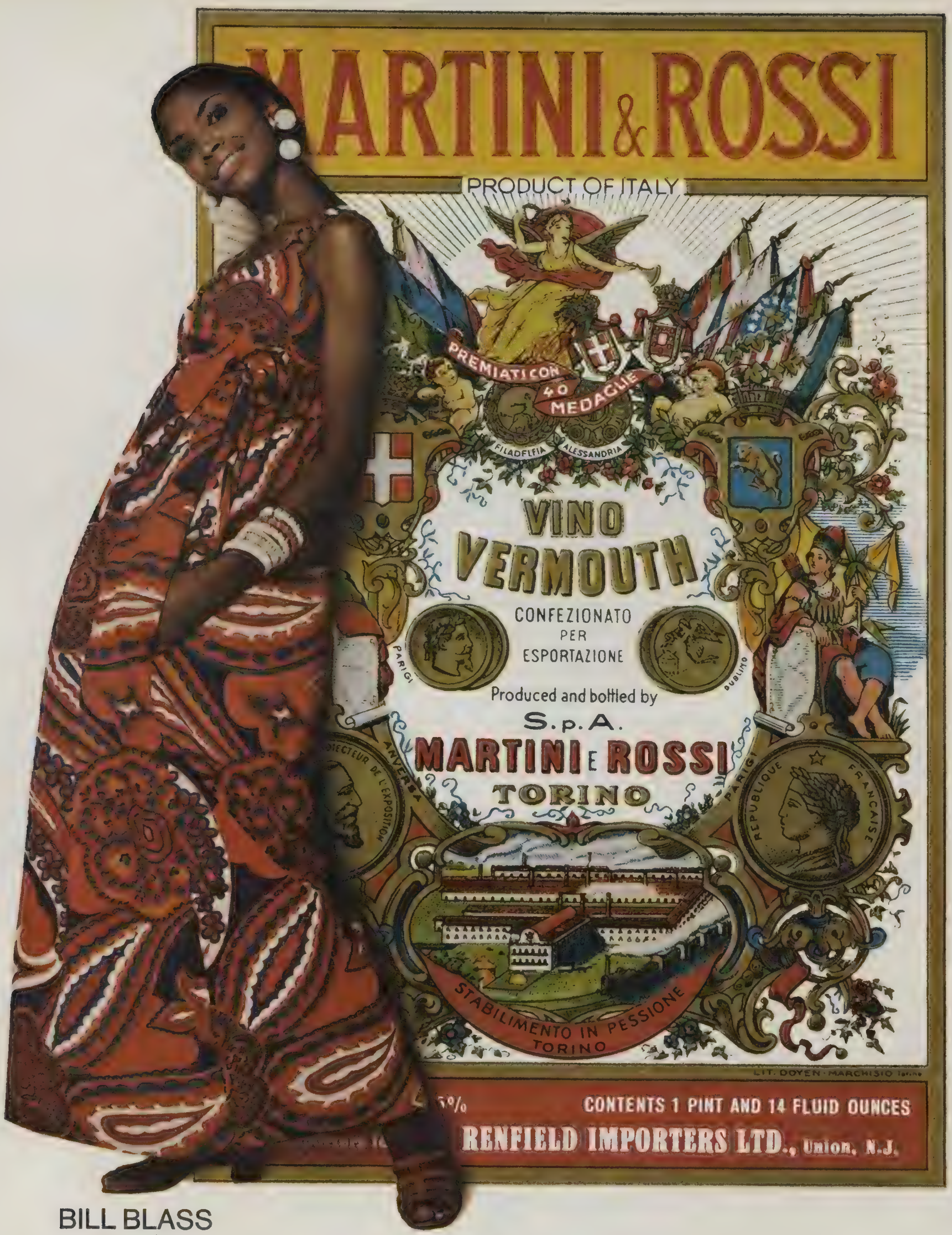
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Bill Blass for Maurice Rentner: cotton confezione in delicious vermouth colourings spilling from a close-wrapped top.



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Bill Blass turnout stands out with another great label. Bright spot cotton smallcoat and dress in navy/yellow/white Minicare® fabric from Ducharne.

BILL BLASS
and
MINICARE®
fabrics



BILL BLASS
and
MINICARE®
fabrics

THE DRY...

Bill Blass for Maurice Rentner: lacquer red, navy, white cotton tunic – dry, witty print on Minicare® fabric by Ducharne, lacquer red column pants.



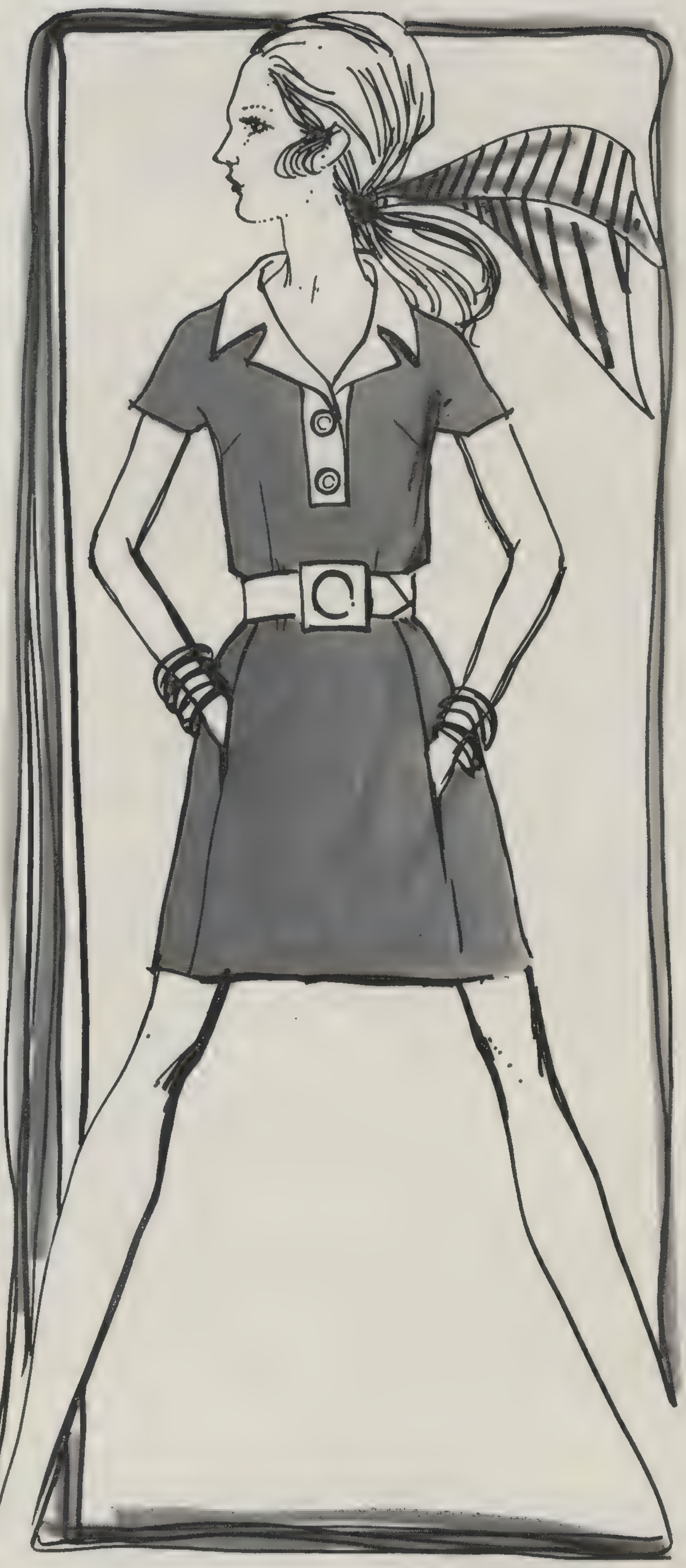
BILL BLASS
and
SWEET AND DRY
fabrics

AND THE SWEET IN FASHION

Bill Blass labels the look Sweet in splendidly textured cotton.
The dress shapes small at the top, the skirt a buoyant dirndl.

Irish-Loom

THE CLASSIC IRISH LINEN



THE SHEPARD COLLECTIONS

Let the pocketed skirt blow free.
Batten down the waist.
Poise the collar like a seagull's wings.
With button chalky this fine imported Irish linen by Irish-Loom in signal red, or ensign navy.
Created for The Shepard Collections by Marina Victor.
Sizes 8 to 16. $45.
Slightly higher in the West.
At Bonwit Teller. All Stores.
Neiman Marcus. All Stores.
Julius Garfinkel. All Stores.
I. Magnin. West Coast.

The whole idea
of a man's cologne
is to start a kind of fire
in a woman.

Burley
starts the kind of fire
a woman can't put out.



A NEW FRAGRANCE FROM THE MEN AT OLD SPICE. BURLEY: COLOGNE, AFTER SHAVE AND GIFT SETS.

The great fashion match
BURLEY . . . the match for any
woman's mood. The whole idea
of a man's cologne is to start
a kind of fire in a woman

LEE CLAIRE designs the great
match-mate to kindle the flame . . .
evening pants to wear with a
glow 155. Designer circle

Sanger-Harris
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MOOD MAKERS... From NEAL-McCLINTOCK of California, the beauty of black and white in chiffon and matte jersey. From our Designers' Shop collection. 245.00. Matching any woman's mood, BURLEY, the all-male fragrance from the men at Old Spice. Cologne, After-Shave and Gift Sets from 2.00 to 6.00. Men's Toiletries, Boston and branches.

THE GREAT FASHION MATCH

ABRAHAM & STRAUS



BURLEY

A great mood-matcher for him... the newest man scent from Old Spice, a splash-dash cologne found at A&S and ready to bring out the best in him!

4¾ ounces.....**2.50**

9½ ounces.....**4.50**

Ni-Nel ...an exciting fashion-match for her...a new name in coat designs at A&S, running rim-around-rim of luscious Nutria on softly carved and embroidered wool. In grey, brown or black mated with Nutria. Sizes 8 to 16. **$210**

At A&S Brooklyn, Hempstead, Garden City, Huntington, Babylon and Manhasset stores

THE GREAT FASHION MATCH

BURLEY BY SHULTON

When he is out with her, his cologne is Old Spice Burley. All intrigue... there is nothing like it. Unmistakably masculine, it complements his role. Available for him in two generous sizes in its handsome bottle.
4¾-ounces **2.50** 9½-ounces **4.50**
Toiletries



PARNES FEINSTEIN

When she is out with him, she wears this late-day dress, all shape, all fashion with its beautifully beaded belt. The elegant fabric a silk-worsted in new-now pastel pink, green or silver. Lined in SiBonne. Sizes 8 to 16. **$120**
Florentine Room

THE GREAT FASHION MATCH

BURLEY... the match for any woman's mood/pure magnetism is the irresistible idea of this urbane cologne for men.





RICHARD FRONTMAN

Glossy black, gleamy white/urbane dinner dressing on the rise/high belted silk and worsted with satin gilet.

$66

Pacesetter Shop

Macy*s
California

THE GREAT FASHION MATCH



OLD SPICE BURLEY... the match for any woman's mood... essentially masculine with a commanding, captivating way of taking over.

Ole Borden for Rembrandt shapes pure Irish Linen in a close-contoured, fringe swished shape... essentially feminine to kindle that flame in a man.

Maas Brothers FLORIDA

OLE BORDEN FOR REMBRANDT

St. Petersburg Sarasota Clearwater Fort Myers Tampa Lakeland Gainesville

GINO CHARLES IGNITES FROSTFIRE



BURLEY'S THERE TO FAN THE FLAME

White-hot blaze to draw a beauty closer. Silvery sequins flicker and flash on white silk and worsted, 6-14 sizes 150.00

Shulton sparks her interest with Burley. It's his. Rugged. With smoky undertones to kindle his glow of self-satisfaction.



Fogue's Cincinnati

Why waste fun time unpacking and packing? Take along a Sacmobile –the traveling closet.

Take an ordinary suitcase on a multi-stop tour and what do you have?

Unpack the suit to get the pajamas. Hang up the dresses to hang out the wrinkles. Upset the blouses to dig out the shoes. Take out a sweater and repack the shirts.

Take it *all* out, then put it all back.

Travel with a Sacmobile and what have you got?

Twenty inches of extendo-bar hanger rails. Shirts, suits, dresses, blouses *on hangers* right at your fingertips.

Want the navy blue from the very back? Reach in and take it out, as easily as from a closet.

Need the dress shoes? They're right in the covered shoe compartment. Nothing else to disturb.

Want to shower? Shave? Wash up?

Zip off the waterproof toilet kit and everything you need is in the palm of your hand.

Ready to step out? Or turn in?

Your clean shirts, underwear and hose are in the roomy pockets.

Ditto your pajamas.

Leaving so soon?

Hangers in, bars back, zip, buckle, ready.

It's just that easy at every stop you make.

Would anybody in his right mind travel any other way?

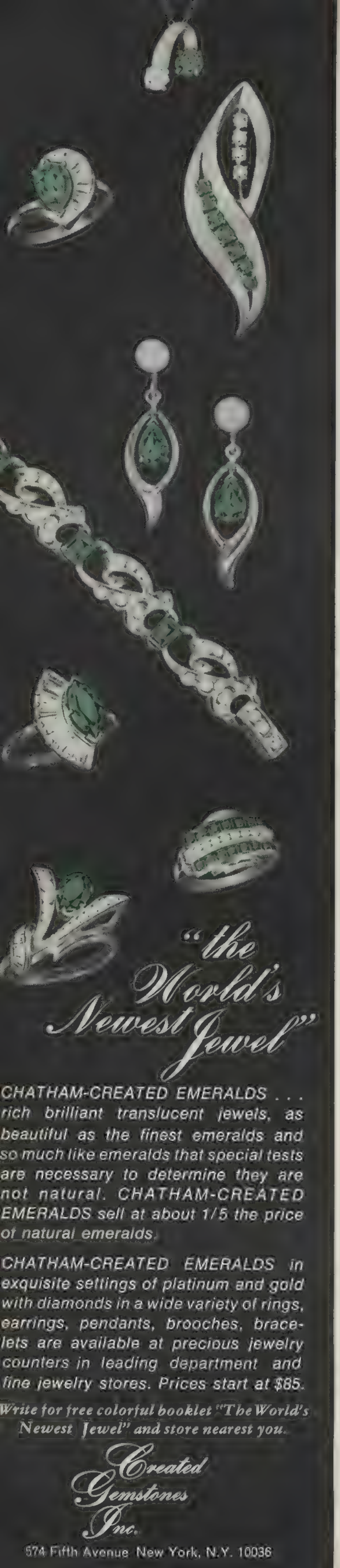


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A Dazzle of Art Books (Continued from page 58)

Joyant, Lautrec's friend and dealer. The many reproductions of his works are superb. The main value of the book is that it destroys senseless myths. For instance: Lautrec was not a dwarf; he was not noticeably deformed; he was neither rejected nor despised; he could not reliably claim direct descent from the Comtes de Toulouse. (The Viking Press.)

Turner's Sketches and Drawings: $2.95

In 1851 William Turner died and left the contents of a chaotic studio to the British nation. In the bequest were 19,000 water-colours and drawings, the sketchbooks he had accumulated since youth, and 285 oils. Turner's executor, John Ruskin, tried to bring order but only produced a new confusion. So matters rested until 1905, when the Keeper of London's National Gallery allowed Alexander J. Finberg, illustrator and art critic, to explore eleven deed boxes containing "the wastepaper basket" of Turner's workshop. This led to Finberg's *Complete Inventory of the Drawings of the Turner Bequest,* 1909, and to this book, published in 1910, now reissued with a brilliant foreword by Lawrence Gowing.

Finberg's book is a classic and a landmark in criticism, midway between ourselves and Ruskin's brilliant defense of Turner and Naturalism, the five volumes of *Modern Painters.* Finberg, at heart a Ruskinite, attacks many of Ruskin's positions. Twenty years later he made amends by a sympathetic abridgment into one volume of *Modern Painters.* He had some odd notions about Impressionism, which he equated with photography. He thought that Turner's work after 1830—the period most admired by moderns—was evidence of mental and physical decay. He did not share our permissive attitude to the value of sketches. But when he states that a work of art is a symbol and that a symbol "is not a copy or imitation of the meaning it stands for," Finberg is presenting an idea that we are wrong to regard as our own. (Schocken Books.)

Treasures of Prehistoric Art: $40

This is probably the most complete, certainly the most sumptuous, review of known sites of palaeolithic art in Western Europe, complete with more than seven hundred excellent reproductions of which 121 are in colour. André Leroi-Gourhan, Director of the Musée de l'Homme in Paris, advances an original theory: Instead of a chaos of images, he discerns an order reflected in arrangement, groupings, and pairings. (Harry N. Abrams.)

Great Drawings of the Louvre Museum: $45

There is only one word for this three-volume set with reproductions of works selected by the curators of its Italian, French, and German-Flemish-Dutch departments—great! (Braziller.)

Byzantine Painting—The Last Phase: $17.50

David Talbot Rice, internationally known scholar in the field, writes with penetration about the renaissance in Europe's longest-lived style in the twelfth through the fifteenth century—a marked contrast with the earlier, grave periods. The photographs are black-and-white, except for a few in colour. (The Dial Press.)

Cubism and Twentieth-Century Art: $25

Any book by Robert Rosenblum, a brilliant young art historian, is worth reading. This latest has forty good colour plates and forges new links with artists and isms from Russia to the United States. $9.95 in paperback. (Harry N. Abrams.)

In The Tanner Manner



ALEXANDRIA, LA., Gus Kaplan
ALLENTOWN, Nan Carlby
ASHEVILLE, N.C., Bell's
ATLANTA, J. P. Allen
AUSTIN, Ivey Wade
BALTIMORE, Hutzler's
BERKELEY, Sather Gate
BIRMINGHAM, Clothes Horse
BIRMINGHAM, Jane Meade
BUFFALO, L. L. Berger
BURLINGTON, VT., Ski Shop
CARMEL, Derek Rayne
CHARLESTON, WHEELING, CLARKSBURG, PARKERSBURG, W. VA., Stone and Thomas
CHARLOTTESVILLE, VA., Town and Country
CHICAGO, Charles A. Stevens
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CLAYTON, MO., Helen Wolff
COLUMBIA, S. C., Mary Lowe
CONCORD, Wool Shop
DALLAS, Dreyfuss
DAVENPORT, IOWA, Petersen-Harned-Von Maur, Inc.
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DENVER, Kelly's of Cherry Creek
DES MOINES, Younker's French Room
DETROIT, B. Siegel
DURHAM, Norman Black
FT. LAUDERDALE, Alice John Rogers
FORT LAUDERDALE, Carol Carter
GREENVILLE, S. C., Amy Pride
GREENSBORO, N. C., Ruth Leary
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In The Tanner Manner

The Tanner Woman flies South every winter, and her Tanners fly with her. Left: The Bow Row, the pretty princess in Dacron® and cotton, about $32. Right: Daisy Dot, the body skimmer in pure silk, about $56. Both in sizes 8-18, and in sunshine shades of yellow, pink and blue.



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For a full listing of stores carrying these and other Tanner fashions, see the column on the left.



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It's a Rain Paka that packs
away in its own pocket. Wear it self
belted or not, in black, white, beige
or brown. It's Bazaar's water
repellent nylon matelasse. 4-18. $33.

DS
by David Smith

BEAUTY CHECKOUT

December

Mrs. Szekely's Philosophy of Unfatness

In 1940, Rancho La Puerta, the health resort in Tecate, Mexico, embarked on its constructive career. In 1958, Rancho La Puerta spawned a golden offspring, California's famed Golden Door beauty spa. Deborah Bordeaux Szekely is the very active founder-president of both spas. Contemplating twenty-eight years of steering people to health and beauty, Mrs. Szekely codifies for us here her Philosophy of Unfatness, a system that weighs diet, exercise, and state of mind on the swinging scale of age and needs. It is an almost absurdly simple and a complexly intelligent program that could permanently, painlessly change for the better not only a figure, but a way of life.

The balanced way of living

"Good eating is for good figure. For good health. For a creative existence. For the enjoyment of life, nature, sex. . . . But over-good eating is often a reaction to the pressures of that good life, a means of gratifying disgruntled emotions. You say: 'I'm going on a diet.' And you create still another tension that sends you right to the refrigerator. The more you think about dieting, the hungrier you get. That, in turn, makes you angry with You and works up more stress and strain. The very essence of dieting boils down to an exercise in emotional frustration. Inside of you lives the hungry baby you were *and* the growing tot *and* the sweet-toothed ten-year-old *and* the ravenous adolescent. These children within us (to whom we owe much of our spontaneity, our creativeness) must be dealt with. To each of them, food means love, a reward. When too much of this kind of rewarding goes on, you become, you feel, unlovable. So you punish You by dieting. . . . How to get around this? Discard the negative aspect of dieting, the on-again, off-again starvation that says, 'Hereby I punish Me.' Think instead of a *balanced way of living. Eat 10% less. Exercise 10% more. Think 1% more.* . . .

1. How to eat 10% less

"Remember that food is energy. For figure and fitness, food intake must balance energy output. You use about 10% less food energy with each decade of life. A child skitters about like a polliwog. The teens and 20's study, dance, play. The 30's are busy with house and family. The 40's, 50's, 60's live with mounting calm. So: unless you eat 10% less each decade, you might just get in figure-fitness trouble. . . . Before breakfast, ask yourself, 'What am I going to do today?' Before lunch: 'What am I going to do this afternoon and what did I do this morning?' Before dinner: 'What *did* I do today?' Eat accordingly. A quiet day that concentrates on driving, telephoning, desk work commands a light breakfast and lunch. If you suddenly turn frenetic in the afternoon, you make up for it with more dinner. . . . Idea is simply to balance food intake and energy output. It allows for your making merry on a weekend, since you can catch your balance starting with Monday breakfast. If eight ounces of orange juice is your normal dosage. pour four ounces instead and dilute it with water. If dinner usually deals a potato dish, replace your share with celery sticks." . . . Mrs. Szekely admits to being a food buff. has no sympathy for people who are callous enough to read or watch television while they eat. "Get the greatest possible pleasure out of every bite. Lunch alone? Eat in the garden or by your fire. Eat slowly. When you're not alone, pause frequently to make, to savour conversation. The best talk of the day goes on at mealtime when communication is intimate, unrestricted. If there is a first course of salad or soup, wait for the slowest eater to finish—and clearly enjoy the brief recess. Have the main course served, for you, on a salad or bread-and-butter plate. (To men and children and the frail go the dinner-size plates.) . . . In restaurants, ask yourself the same key questions. 'What am I going to do today?'; 'What did I do today?' Ask the waiter (Continued on page 100)



Calèche.

If this fragrance were a painting, who would have painted it?

Not Gauguin.
His would be too sultry with jasmine.
Not Ingres.
Too heavy with patchouli and musk.
Botticelli, perhaps,
if his Springtime were a French spring,
with a little of Monet's softened sunlight
dappled in.

If it were a city, what city would you think of?

We think it would be Avignon,
with all the fountains plashing.
But you might think of Paris,
if you took just the right patch of Paris,
and set it in the midst of Aix en Provence.

If it were a time of day?

High noon,
frilled with wind, drenched with sunshine,
after a morning when the rain
has washed the whole world clean.

If it were music?

Chamber music, almost certainly,
and almost certainly by Mozart.
And yet, you know those Chopin waltzes?
The ones that catch at your throat
in the midst of whirling?
Or those songs of the Auvergne
that Madeleine Grey used to sing?

If it were a color?

Blue-white-yellow.
Fragile as an iris
reflected in a pond full of sky.

And if it were a woman?

What do you think she'd be like,
from the things we've said already?
If you know,
then you must know her from the inside
You'll find a little of
yourself in a bottle of Calèche.

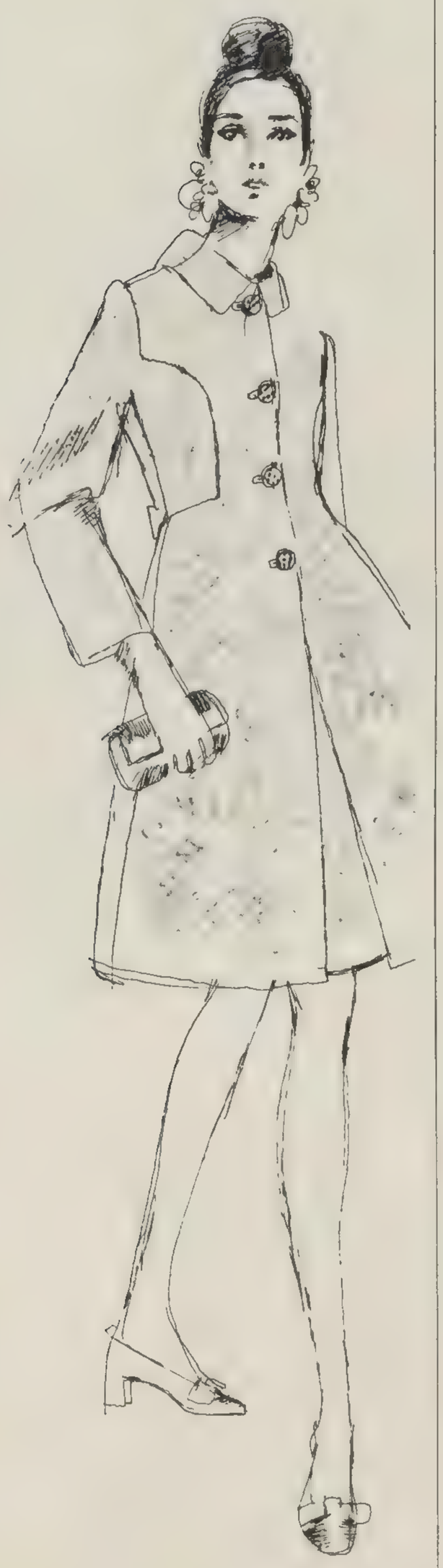
Calèche *by* Hermès */Paris*

Women who think of perfume as a weapon
will undoubtedly prefer something else.

THE ART OF

Justin McCarty

Coat and dress grandeur to spark the most important night of the year. Composed in brocade... regal in simplicity... the coat is fitted and flared over a significant little sleeveless dress. White or blue in cotton and acetate. Sizes 6 to 16. About $70. *Justin McCarty,* a division of PARKLAND OF DALLAS, INC., 429 Second Avenue, Dallas, Texas 75226.



BEAUTY CHECKOUT

(Continued from page 98) to make the rolls and butter disappear, and leave 10% of each serving on the plate. . . . I have figured out that if I eat 10% less all year, I can have a few weekend Bacchanalias and still weigh fourteen pounds less than I would otherwise. . . .

2. How to exercise 10% more

"For many of us, daily exercise is as pleasant as a 1-A draft card. But since metabolism and activity slow down with age, exercising 10% more is also fundamental for a balanced way of living. Vitality depends even more on exercise than on diet. The extra oxygen inhaled stokes the calorie furnace faster, just as bellows make a fire burn hotter. . . . I've found that exercising five or six times a day, ten minutes at a time, is more efficient and infinitely more charming than exercising one full hour at a stretch. This way it's easier to find the time, easier to eke out the energy. What's urgent is to exercise hard—to what I call a 'huffy-puffy,' the point where you're panting, your heart's beating fast, and energy units are being burned up like a blast furnace. A jump rope happens to be my favourite route to huffy-puffy. I keep one in my car, my office, my purse, my bedroom. It nimbles legs, upper arms, and torso, jacks up posture and stamina. Buy good solid rope from a sporting goods store, not the lightweight variety in toy shops. Increase your quota of jumps and speed of rope with each 10-minute session. Over fifty skips a minute is a fine target to aim at. . . . More huffy-puffy comes from cycling machines, the kind with a gearbox that lets you build up to pushier pedalling. Work toward thirty miles an hour in low. Swim—without touching bottom for as long as you can. Run—in place or around the block. Walk—don't ride. Any time you're about to climb into a car, a taxi, a bus, give You a scolding if you could possibly keep your date on foot. . . . When to exercise? Just before meals. Before breakfast to oil away wake-up stiffness. Before lunch and dinner to soothe tensions built up over hours of busy-ness. Like a well-balanced mainspring, exercise both winds and unwinds, is great before you need make an earthshaking appearance, before you embark on a dazzling evening. But never exercise before you go to bed. Leaves you too charged up. . . . Though diet may have become part of our way of life, exercise has not yet made the grade. Inject it into each day's schedule as automatically as you do renewing your lipstick. Small exercise breaks make a startling difference, add another dimension to life. You'll sit straighter, walk more briskly, laugh more often—even think more clearly. . . .

3. 1% more thinking

"Unfatness can not be separated from one's whole life pattern. Food can't take its proper place in a self-defeating life style. Of the twenty-four hours in a day, we sleep eight, work eight, spend three eating, dressing, travelling. That leaves five hours in which to do our living. The key to the good life is in what one does with the evenings, the five hours that are You. That's when you do what You like, the reading, the crewel-embroidery, the psychology course, the Sibelius concert. Planning the spending of these hours is the most important planning you do. And that's where the 1% more thinking comes in. . . . Consider this ploy. It works for me. In a little notebook I write down every month six things I would dearly love to do the next month. Easy, easy things. For instance, if I'd like to read a certain four books, I promise myself—and I put it in writing—to read half of one of those books. The idea is to write down such copable-with programs that you can whip through them casually, comfortably, without forcing. Your rate of achievement will promptly so far overshoot your modest goal that in six or seven months you'll find yourself writing down—and doing—six or seven times as much as you dared to suggest to yourself when you were a novice at the game. At the end of a year, you can tally up a thrilling score of objectives reached, glories attained. . . . That's where the 1% more thinking really makes its mark. When you've absorbed all the benefits of the balanced way of living, you feel wholer, healthier—way beyond life at 50% capacity. All the joys you always meant to master become realities. You are getting to know You. And to know You is to love You." . . .


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VOGUE'S READY BEAUTY



For Christmas . . .
the great splash

One of the authentic joys of Christmas is the carefully-thought-out present, long in planning, long in the works. The needlepoint slippers, lovingly needled by the donor's own hand; the holiday snapshot that turned out to be smashing, enlarged, beautifully framed. . . . This present is acclaimed, enjoyed, and cherished for years. And how vividly we wish, every Christmas, that we'd had the foresight, ingenuity, and patience to assemble one. . . .

Luckily, there's another kind of present—satisfyingly lavish and luxe-y—that can be snapped up literally at the last minute. It's not intended to be cherished for years, but to be used with reckless abandon—expended in glorious, extravagant bursts. And it makes a great splash. . . . What it is, is perfume. Good perfume, great perfume, and plenty of it . . . a really big, heavy-in-the-hand, superbly-boxed bottle of a beloved scent (classic or new) that a woman may have used before in delicate, sparing dabs. We list some of the delicious possibilities here, in alphabetical order to minimize confusion. All sizes given are the biggest available; the most heroic, the most ounces—in fact, The Most. . . .



What would you say—what would any woman say, on Christmas morning—to a magnificent four ounces of Balmain's Jolie Madame: warm, spicy, fruity-and-flowery, with a sort of built-in exuberance? Find out, for $85. . . . Or a grandiloquent seven ounces of Caron's famous Bellodgia: one woman we know loves it so much she named her house in Jamaica after it. For her, and others like her, $120 nets the prize. . . . Carven's Ma Griffe is redolent of flowers, fruit, a note of cyprus; its name means "my signature." You can sign up eight ounces of this charmer for $125. . . . There's almost nothing left to say about Chanel No. 5, except that women of all ages adore it (one nymphet we know was hooked at fourteen). Thirty-two ounces of the stuff might give any woman a year to remember, for $350. . . . Jean d'Albret's Écusson is bright, dashing—the scent of flowers at a victory parade, all sunlight and sparkle. Four ounces, in a bright crystal flacon, $100. . . . Bal à Versailles, by Jean Desprez, is courtly, expensive, delicious, a conspiracy of flowers and other mysteries; not surprisingly, two ounces of this, $135.

On, then, to Dior—and there are women for whom no other parfumeur seems to ring the bell. Need we remind you that Diorissimo celebrates the first of May in Paris, the fragrant handfuls of *muguet*? Or that Diorling is richer, fraught with jasmine, honeysuckle, and heady Bulgarian

rose? Either way, two ounces—in a *grand luxe* bottle of Baccarat crystal—$200. . . . Evyan's Great Lady, aside from the fact that its name implies a compliment, is a garland of flowers in itself; too many to name, but not too many to revel in. Eight ounces would give enormous pleasure for $150. . . . Givenchy's Le De, brilliant, fresh, and flowery, comes on light, almost innocent—but don't be deceived: it Builds. His L'Interdit is equally enchanting—the flowers here, laced with spices. A four-ounce supply of either delight, $110. . . . Mme. Grès, renowned for draping silks and jerseys with a lavish hand, somehow conveys the same feeling of luxury and seductiveness in her perfume, Cabochard. The four-ounce bottle, charmingly ribboned in grey velvet, is $85.

The house of Guerlain has been concocting fragrances since 1828; in that time, it has mastered the art of putting in a few secret ingredients. Such as Charm; such as Romance. . . . Guerlain's Chant d'Aromes adds these to a mélange of flowers; Shalimar, to a swoony Indian blend, mysterious as sitar music. Four ounces of either one, $75. . . . Calèche is made by Hermès, originally famous as the most elegant saddlers in Paris. It smells like a bouquet of early-summer flowers you might pick while out for a ride, or a carriage drive, in the Bois. Two ounces, $50. . . . Lancôme's Magie is magical indeed—a layering of scents, some heady and potent, some fresh and sweet: civet and sandalwood, jasmine and *muguet*. A two-ounce bottle of all this comes to $75. . . . And then there is—inevitably, beautifully—





Lanvin's Arpège. For the woman who's not to be put off another minute with promises, a three-ounce supply of this spellbinder is $56. . . . Another famous couturier, Molyneux, makes the scent called Fête. It is light, brilliant, all fountains and fireworks, but has astonishing staying power. Three ounces, $100.

The marvellous new scent that's wafting about is made by a towering American designer—Norman Norell. Called simply Norell, it evokes the "fresh, floral, green-y" notes the Master himself likes best. The solidly handsome two-ounce bottle, labelled in black and white, is $80. . . . Patou's Joy: what is there to say, except roses, roses? (Dark red ones, we've always thought.) It's precious stuff, and two and three-quarters ounces cost $150. . . . Meanwhile, back in Italy, Emilio Pucci mixes up his Vivara with the same verve he uses for bright silks. It's a happy, high-spirited fragrance, full of *brio*, and two ounces, $60. . . . A wonderful perfume to read *Anna Karenina* by is Revillon's Detchema—clinging, exotic, rich with jasmine. For the Anna-readers on your list, four ounces, $100. . . . Ricci's L'Air du Temps blows in from green hills and dales, fragrant with grasses, flowers, and spicy plants. Forty-two glorious ounces of it, in a Lalique crystal bottle, $750. . . . Sparkling, witty, and alert, but feminine to the last drop, is Madame Rochas, by Rochas. How many drops in three ounces? Plenty. It costs $60. . . . Yves Saint Laurent's Y is young, fresh, seductive, a blend of flowers and other ravishments. The four-ounce bottle is $75. . . .


TONI TODD
Bound for spring starting this instant. All in textured double knit of Dacron® polyester. First: Pink, yellow, blue. 8-18, about 23.00. Second: White with red/blue, gray with red/white, navy with red/white. 8-18, about 23.00. Third: Gray, yellow, navy. 8-18, about 21.00. Fourth: Blue, peach, beige. 10-20, about 23.00. Fifth: Navy, gray, white. 10-20, about 21.00. Prices slightly higher in the West. At these stores and their branches and other fine stores: Carson Pirie Scott, Chicago; Titche-Goettinger, Dallas; Bullock's, Los Angeles, Downtown and La Habre; Burdine's, Miami; R. H. Macy, New York; Famous-Barr, St. Louis. Or write R. & M. Kaufmann, Inc., 1400 Broadway, New York.
wild Wanderknits
of Dacron

I have revolutionized perfume.

–Andrée Biallôt

Eighteen dollars the ounce-and-a-half etui. Refill twelve-and-a-half dollars. Available at Bonwit Teller and other fine stores.



My perfume is like no other that has come before.

All other perfumes begin with alcohol. When you apply the perfume, the alcohol evaporates swiftly and overwhelms the nose with a burst of fragrance. And then...nothing. "I can't smell my own perfume after the first few minutes," I have heard women say, time and again.

I wanted a perfume that would be like the flowers of the field, releasing its bouquet not in a short-lived burst, but slowly and gently and steadily throughout the day.

And so, no alcohol.

In its place, something quite different. (You will excuse me if I do not say exactly what; it is my secret.) With it is blended an extremely high concentration of essential oils. These essences are then placed within an *étui* of my own design, employing the principle of the aerosol but in a unique rectangular shape.

From within the *étui* you foam out a bubble the size of a large pearl and gently massage it deep into your skin. As your skin breathes, tiny fragrance blossoms are set free to bloom in the air. All the while, you enjoy the fragrance yourself, because your sense of smell has not been obliterated by a wave of alcohol.

I call my perfume *Partout*, which, in English, means Everywhere. I have prepared it in two utterly refreshing fragrances. A sophisticated floral which we call Fanfaron. And Sue Sue, a light and fresh and green floral.

For those wary of the new and unfamiliar (and often with cause, I must admit), I have also prepared spray *étuis* of Fanfaron and Sue Sue in the traditional way. In that form, they are the equal of any other perfume; beyond that, I make no extravagant claim for them.

Andrée Biallôt

Réalisé en France.

There are half sizes.
And there are Leslie Pomer
half sizes that look like this.



DACRON®
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A Division of Leslie Fay, Inc.

Leslie Pomer makes the kind of clothes everybody who loves fashion would love to buy. It so happens we only make them in half sizes. This one is a button front step in shift, to belt or not as you wish. In Dacron® polyester ottoman double knit. Mediterranean blue, Sand beige, or Navy. Sizes 12½ to 26½. About $40. At Lane Bryant, 40th St. & Fifth Ave., Tel. LE 2-0200 and all stores coast-to-coast; or write to Leslie Pomer, 1400 B'way, N.Y. 10018.

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ma griffe is my signature

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WHAT KIND OF WOMAN ARE YOU, ANYWAY?

OUTDOORS?



1-2-3—black or brown

Splash Lash – black or brown



CAREER?

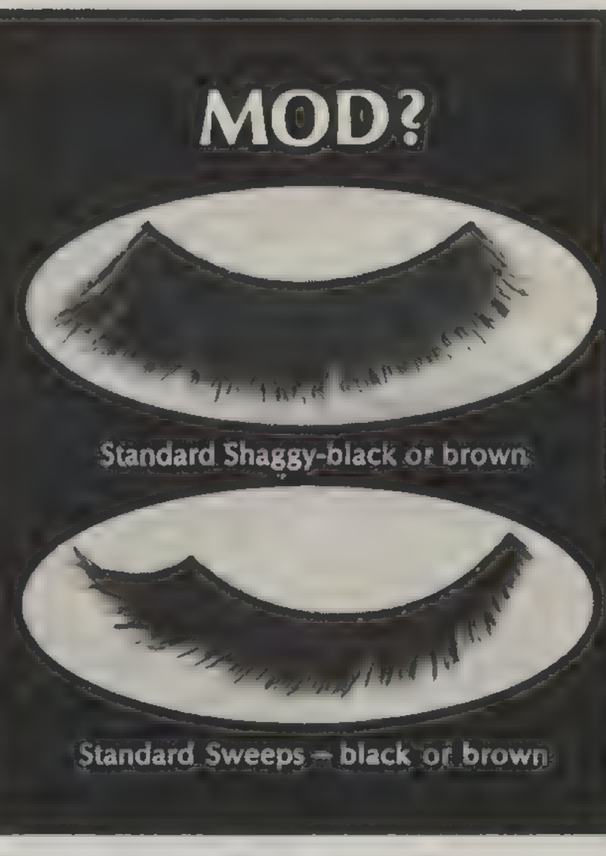


Standard Heavy-black or brown

Standard Medium Long-black or brown



MOD?



Standard Shaggy-black or brown

Standard Sweeps – black or brown



FEMININE?



Glitter Lash-patent leather black

Natural Triple-black or brown

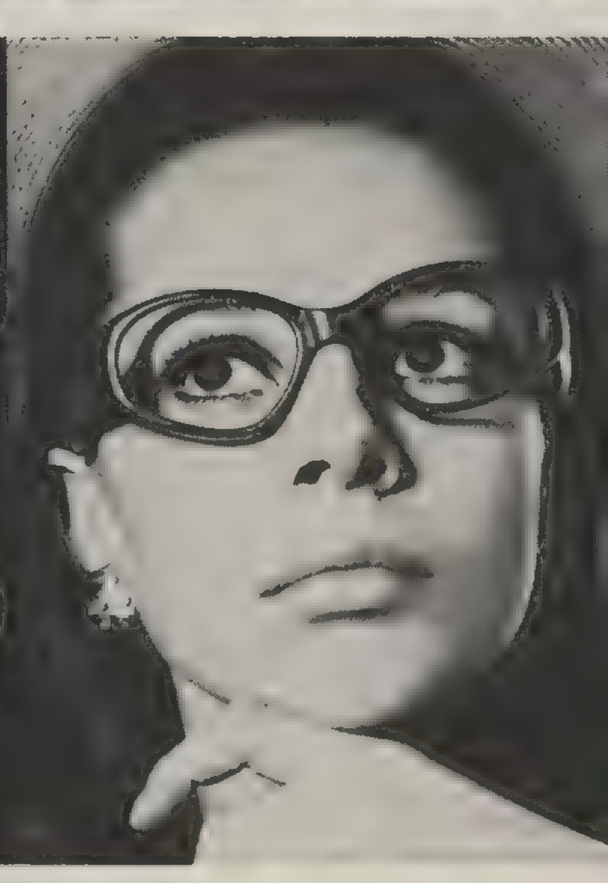


INTELLECTUAL?



Natural Heavy Black/Brown Long

Standard Medium-black or brown



ROMANTIC?

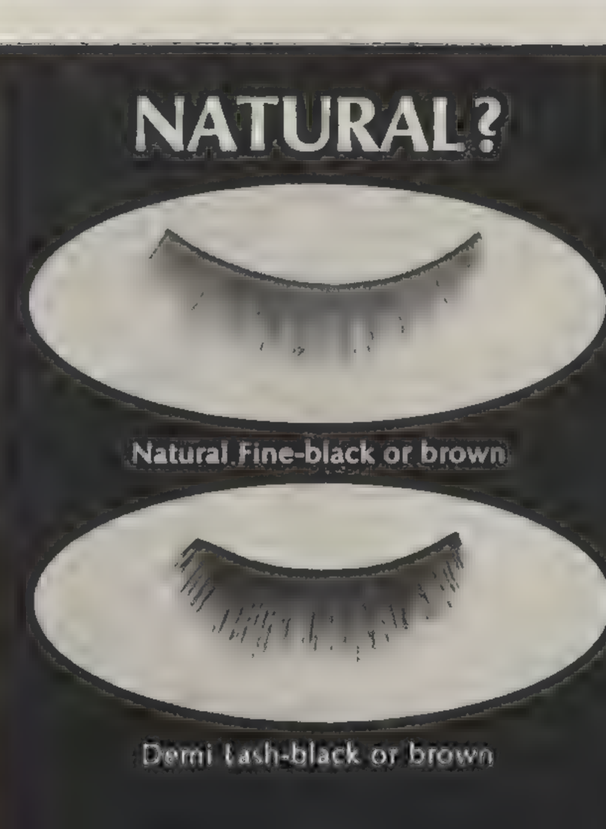


Natural Heavy-black or brown

Natural Deluxe-black or brown



NATURAL?



Natural Fine-black or brown

Demi Lash-black or brown











FIND YOURSELF

in the Andrea Gallery of "Kinds of Women"

. . . then, turn on "your kind" with the kind of eyes Andrea's more than 21 individualized styles of lashes can give you. There are lashes natural and casual; luscious and languorous; glamorous and amorous; mischievous and mysterious. There are lashes "for real" and lashes for fun.* In fact, there are lashes unlimited for every kind of woman in every kind of mood.

Besides black and brown and duo-tones, you can also have blue, violet, green, and glitter lashes in silver and gold. All eye-turning fashions in lashes by Andrea. All made of 100% European hair. $4.00 to $12.50.

You'll get Andrea expertise at your favorite cosmetic counter. You'll receive help on the selection, application, care and wear of the lashes that will make your "kind of woman" the kind that will turn eyes on You!

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FORT WORTH, Monnig's
GALVESTON, Eiband's
GALVESTON—GULFGATE, E. S. Levy & Co.
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HOUSTON, Foley's—Joske's
Ester Wolff
INDIANAPOLIS, H. P. Wasson & Co.
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LAREDO, Richter's
MIAMI, Richard's—Jordan Marsh
MILWAUKEE, The Boston Store
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Young, Quinlan, Rothschild
NEWARK, Bamberger's
NEW YORK,
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Arnold Constable—B. Gertz—Gimbel's
OKLAHOMA CITY,
Dillard's, Brown, Dunkin
OMAHA, Brandeis—Kilpatrick's
ORLANDO, Jordan Marsh
PEORIA, Carson Pirie & Scott
PHILADELPHIA, The Blum Store—
Lit Bros.—Gimbel's
Strawbridge & Clothier
ROCKFORD, Chas. V. Weise
ST. LOUIS, Stix, Baer & Fuller
SAN ANGELO, Hemphill Wells
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Macy's—Joseph Magnin
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SHREVEPORT, M. Levy
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To laugh.
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The new kind of pressed powder that gets you home looking just as great as when you left.

We've got a secret*—that no other pressed powder has ever tumbled to—and that secret makes Corn Silk the stayingest powder you've ever seen. Corn Silk just keeps on keeping you looking great long after ordinary pressed powder lets your make-up go all melty and muddy.

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So, if you're interested in staying as sweet as you are, Staying Powder—what more can we say.

And of course, once you discover the marvels of Corn Silk, you'll be wild to try Corn Silk's sheer add-a-little-color liquid foundation and blusher.



Corn Silk *SPECIAL PATENTED FORMULA



the 'forbidden' fragrance



Dana

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She's 43...

She looks 33...

She uses 2nd Début



2nd Debut is a greaseless emulsion of rather complex nature, containing, among other things, a recently discovered substance known as CEF, or *C*ellular *E*xpansion *F*actor. CEF, as originally found in human skin, is the factor that controls the water-moisture level in the outer, or stratum corneum layer, of the skin. It became known that at about age thirty, the skin fails to produce a sufficient quantity of natural CEF. Reduced CEF means less water moisture in the skin and when the water-moisture level is lowered, facial lines begin to appear. They first are shallow, but in a thirsty skin they quickly deepen and become known as "age lines". To combat this situation, *2nd Debut* supplies the CEF which helps to adjust the water-moisture level in the skin to speed the demise of those dreaded lines of age.



2nd Debut **is prepared in two potencies—the CEF 600 type for the fortyish woman and under. $3 for 4 ounces. The CEF 1200 type for the younger woman in a hurry, or the older woman. $5 for 4 ounces. At better cosmetic counters. Money-back guarantee.**

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with Mirror Go Lightly Extra Magnification.

Eye glasses don't hide your eyes.
They *frame* them.

That's why your eyes should always be beautifully made-up. But how do you put eye makeup on while wearing glasses?

You don't! You take them off and use *Mirror Go Lightly Extra Magnification.*

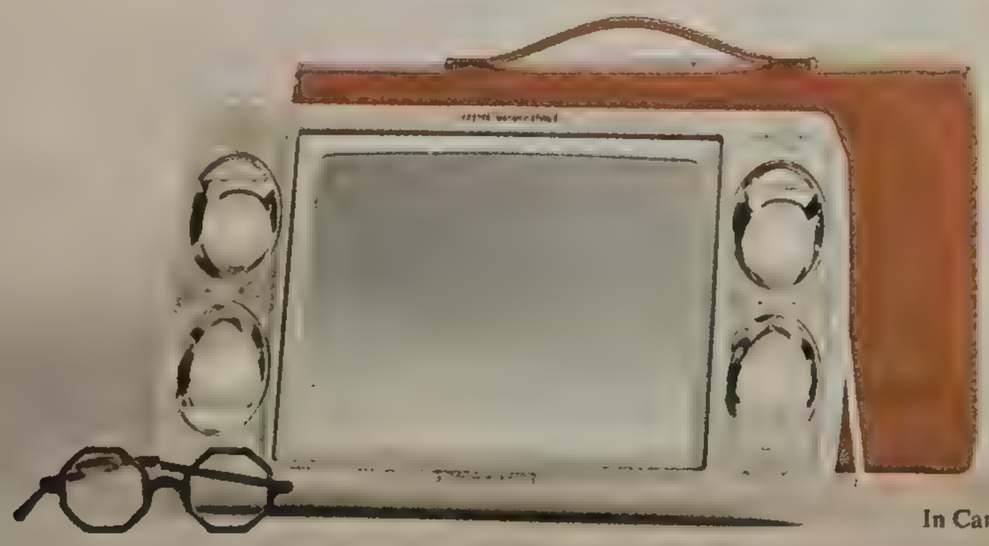
It's a very special cosmetic mirror.

Evenly and perfectly lighted with two glare free mirrors that swivel from regular to magnified. Not the usual magnification found in other mirrors. This is stronger, more powerful. So you can see without your glasses.

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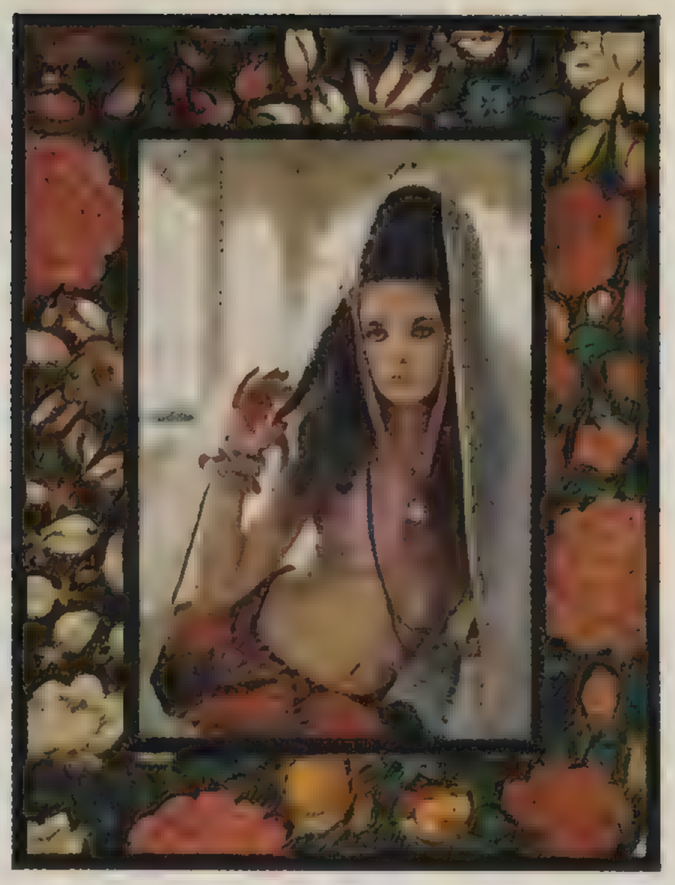
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She was the favorite of the harem.
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The only woman
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1. Cologne Concentré, 3½ ounces, $6.00.
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5. Cologne Concentré, 6 ounces, $10.00.
6. Perfumed Creme Bath, 6 ounces, $7.50.
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8. Perfume Amulet, $5.50.
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Eaton's letter papers come in bright lights to sing out in. Or romantic pastels. The icy shades are for cool little notes. Eaton has a color to match every mood. Look for these imaginative gifts, festively packaged, in stationery stores and departments, everywhere. From $1.25.
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Yardley

White Shoulders
Most Precious
Great Lady

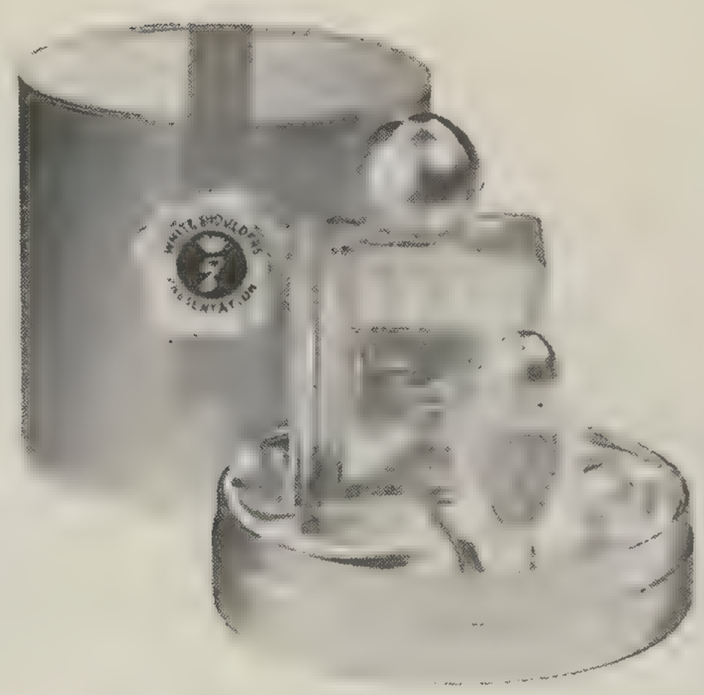
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Most Precious
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White Shoulders
Most Precious
Great Lady

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Gift packages of—
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FOR MEN



For skin care—
In and out of doors

THE TRAVELLING BARON



Everything—
For the Travelling man

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Ever fall in love and it wasn't even Spring?

Well *Talbott's like that.*

Capture the tenderest affections in our knit go-togethers of Taralan®. Talbott's own machine washable and dryable Orlon* acrylic knit. Designed by Cecil Raspberry. The full fashioned jewel neck pullover with ruffled jabot zips at the back. Sizes 34-40, about $14. The matching slim skirt is fully lined. Sizes 8-18, about $13.† In the most flirtatious colors. At adored stores everywhere or write Talbott Knitting Mills, a division of U.S. Industries, Inc., 1407 Broadway, New York, 10018.

Talbott

Orlon®

*T[illegible] †[illegible] SLIGHTLY HIGHER IN THE WEST

©American Tourister, Warren, R. I.

Original Crush-Proof Pack



Back in 1950 we came up with a great idea for a suitcase.

Shipping cases. For mortar shells.

A combination of materials strong enough to carry (and, obviously, protect) many pounds of high explosives.

We added fiber glass reinforcement. (All over, not just on the corners.) Non-spring locks that wouldn't spring open on impact. And a strong stainless steel frame.

And there we had the American Tourister, the world's first molded suitcase.

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In 1954, a 3800 lb. car overturned, pinning an American Tourister for 10 hours. There were two small broken places on one side, and nothing in the bag got hurt.

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Maybe awful things like this won't happen to your American Tourister.

Maybe getting thrown into the baggage hold of a plane is all that will happen.

But for a lot of other suitcases, that's more than enough. **American Tourister**

Give an old friend an old friend.



Look for the oldest name in Scotch in the newest of holiday cartons. The red band slides off to create a pristine all-white gift package.

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Jacques Fath

In all the world,
no other name
speaks
so eloquently
of your
fine taste in
fragrances



Canasta, Fath's Love and Fath de Fath.
Exquisite fragrances by Jacques Fath
in perfumes, toilet water and spray mists.

Available at L'ORÉAL® *counters everywhere*

DANSKINS ARE NOT JUST FOR DANCING



They're for isogenics,
isometrics and every kind of extensive exercise. They even make hungry women more glamorous,
less ravenous. Since Danskin started making tights and leotards for the loftiest leapers in the ballet world,
it's little wonder they
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In sizes 8-22, 6.00. Tights, 4.00.

DANSKIN®

Write for brochure V12. Danskin, Inc., 437 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10016. Div. of Triumph Hosiery Mills.

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Playtex* invents the first-day tampon.™

Outside: it's softer and silky (not cardboardy). Inside: it's so extra absorbent…it even protects on your first day.

We took the inside out of this new applicator to show you how different it is. Feminine. Flexible. Silky. And the inside is so absorbent…you can feel sure (and secure) on your first day. Your worst day. In every lab test against the old cardboardy kind… the Playtex tampon was always more absorbent. Actually 45% more absorbent on the average than the leading regular tampon. Because it's made in a fantastic new way…actually adjusts to *you*. It flowers out. Fluffs out. (Not just up and down.) Designed to protect every inside inch of you, so the chance of a mishap is almost zero. Even on your worst day! Try it fast. Why live in the past?

playtex
soft & fantastic
tampons











What a way to weatherproof

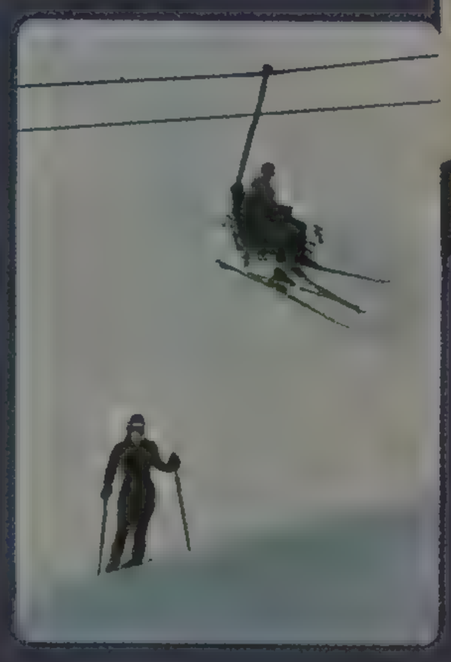
They look like fragile frosting, but don't be fooled – it's a glamorous facade. Each Bonne Bell Serious Ski Lipstick is loaded with anti-chapping, anti drying, and soothing ingredients—plus a sun screen. Now in 16 razzle dazzle shades including new berry stains and golds.

Bonne Bell's Serious Ski Lipstick











Bonne Bell

Ultra Sheen lets you go ultra stylish.

Maxi-curl. Midi-bob. A swinging flip.

Start your hair off in any style with Ultra Sheen Permanent Creme Relaxer.

Ultra Sheen relaxes your hair gently. So gently there's no need for a heavy oil base. And Ultra Sheen leaves your hair soft, shiny, but full of luxurious body, so it's ready for any style you choose.

Only your beautician can relax your hair for today's ultra styles–with Ultra Sheen Permanent Creme Relaxer, by Johnson Products.

Ultra Sheen
Permanent Creme Relaxer.



VOGUE'S FASHIONS IN

Travel

BY DESPINA MESSINESI

Mexico's sunny new shine

MEXICO CITY: Centre of the action is La Zona Rosa; many of the hotels, restaurants, boutiques, and night places are in this rosy chunk of the city named for its pink buildings.

La Zona Rosa

Three hotels: Hotel de Cortés—once a pink, Spanishy, eighteenth-century monastery, now a balconied inn with arcades around a sunny patio—is small, quiet, and has delicious food. . . . Hotel Del Paseo, with a pool and an exceptionally gentle staff, has airy rooms overlooking the Paseo de la Reforma, that long tree-lined avenue. . . . El Presidente, a "big" hotel small in size, with a distinguished guest list, is a member of the Balsa Hotel chain rooted all over Mexico; its gropingly dark corridors and the raucous fountain in the lobby startle.

Five restaurants and two night places: Jardin del Angel, the newest dining place in this district, has a Colonial patio, Mexican specialities, music. . . . Fonda el Refugio serves with style the best Mexican food in a quiet, stunning, white dining room. . . . The Champs Elysées, a good place for lunch, efficiently French. . . . El 77, pleasant and unpretentious, and not expensive, has Spanish specialities. . . . Delmonico's, rich and expensive, is best for Martinis and steaks. . . . Dos Mas Dos, a dancy place open from six in the evening to midnight, serves no liquor. . . . El Señorial has three parts: La Perla Negra and El Elefante Rosa (two bars with entertainment but no dancing) and Leop's—short for El Leopardo's—with nonstop live music and jams every night.

Boutiques: Janna has contemporary silver things unrelated to the traditional Mexican designs; pillboxes shaped like peanuts and walnuts. . . . Telas Escalera has handsome printed cottons. . . . Ginatai, fine for everything leather, particularly boots.

Outside La Zona Rosa

Camino Real, a lavish, extravagantly proportioned hotel, spreads over seven acres facing Chapultepec Park. At the hotel entrance, a round fountain, churning like a washing machine, produces tall waves that calm down at night. In this impressive hotel ringed with fortress walls, there are five pools and over seven hundred air-conditioned rooms, each with television. The hotel also has Fouquet's, a branch of the well-known Paris restaurant: opulent, spacious as a prairie, with ten chefs, superb beef, Hungarian music, and steep prices. . . . Mirabel, a pleasant high-up Balsa restaurant overlooking the Reforma, provides red velvet cushions as footstools for women. . . . In the new motel Le Parc des Princes there is a restaurant built for the French Olympic delegation; fine for lunch and dinner.

Mariachis

Plaza Garibaldi is fun and deafening: Bands of mariachis stand only a few feet apart, play and sing independently, simultaneously, constantly.

* * * *

YUCATÁN: Mérida, the pivotal city for the Mayan splendours of Chichén Itzá and Uxmal—which has other great ruins close by—is about ninety minutes from Mexico City by Mexicana Airlines. The great family here is Barbachano, a lively group who run attractive inns at each of the two archaeological sites, an efficient travel agency, and a knowledgeable guide service.

(Continued on page 146)

How to GROW SLIM With Martinis & Whipped Cream:

The Amazing Carbo-Way to Lose Weight and Stay Slim

YOURS TO EXAMINE FREE—FOR 10 DAYS

News about a revolutionary reducing plan, based on a remarkable biochemical discovery, and now available in a new book which we invite you to read for 10 days at our risk.

INCREDIBLE BUT TRUE! You may eat and drink foods like martinis and whipped cream and grow slim, says Sidney Petrie, the man who reduces people who can't reduce or stay reduced by any other method – people referred to him by doctors!

What's more, Petrie says you may eat *more* than you ever thought possible . . . at TV time, between meals, at fancy restaurants . . . and *never gain an ounce!*

It isn't the fact that you consume calories that matters, says Petrie. What matters is the *kind* of calories you consume. All foods contain just three kinds of calories. To lose weight you need eliminate only *one* of them!

***This is the* CARBO-CAL** . . . the calorie that piles on pounds . . . the unsuspected calorie, found even in such so-called "diet foods" as skimmed milk, carrot sticks, and—of all things – melba toast!

Now, in the most thrilling book you've ever seen – a fascinating, down-to-earth, easy-to-read book – Sidney Petrie explains this amazing fact about your body's chemistry, and shows you immediately:

- **How to eat three good, full meals a day and STILL lose weight safely, comfortably, steadily—without having to count calories, go to bed hungry, measure food helpings—without doing anything at all, except cutting out a few Carbo-Cal foods you're probably not fond of anyway!**
- **How, having once attained the weight you want, you can keep it and still eat hearty meals – even frankfurters and fried eggs, whipped cream, butter, etc.—*without* putting back the weight you've lost!**
- **How you can eat every kind of fried food except one, every kind of appetizer except certain soups, actually eat custard desserts, ice cream, drink cocktails, enjoy steaks, and much more—and stay slim!**
- **Why it doesn't matter *how* you prepare food, and why you don't have to follow any special recipes—so long as you follow one simple rule!**
- **How to walk into any restaurant—and be limited in your food choice ONLY by price!**
- **All the things you CAN eat, as opposed to other methods that tell you only what you can't eat!**
- **How to recognize foods that have the Carbo-Cal, avoid them, and keep eating the "good" calorie foods.**
- **Why foods that contain the Carbo-Cal don't really satisfy you even though they leave pounds of fat on you—while good calorie foods make you *feel* like you've had a good, satisfying meal, even though the body quickly consumes them!**
- **Why doctors may recommend this diet to people with various glandular troubles who could otherwise eat practically nothing on a "regular diet"—and why this diet system may be used by those with low blood sugar counts—and by vegetarians!**
- **How this revolutionary reducing plan is linked to a low cholesterol count, better skin condition, resistance to colds, freedom from minor aches and pains, increased virility, and a 15 to 25% longer life span!**
- **Why many sauces, gravies and dressings—taboo by other methods—are perfectly acceptable by this one (and this includes one of the greatest, pleasantest surprises of all, if you've ever suffered through a starvation diet)!**

Makes Weight-Reduction Easy, Pleasant, Effortless

The new Carbo-Cal method is backed by case histories of lost weight totaling 20,000 pounds. The author of this book, Sidney Petrie, perfected this remarkable method after 8 years of private practice involving difficult obesity cases referred to him by physicians and other specialists.

During that time, his method melted away the pounds like magic, helping people even the reducing "experts" couldn't assist! What's more, close observation by physicians found no ill effects. (In fact, many difficulties being treated lessened or even disappeared with the new flood of vitality that accompanied loss of weight.)

That's why we urge you to read and use this book at our risk for ten days. It will really open your eyes to a breath-takingly effective reducing system that helps you reduce *without* drugs or pills, fatiguing exercises, starvation meals, or even straining the will-power. And, perhaps best of all, weight loss may be yours *permanently.*

That's right! After you've reached the slimness you want. Sidney Petrie promises you this —

"You can enjoy a hearty breakfast, a mid-morning coffee break, a Madison Avenue lunch, an afternoon cocktail hour, a gourmet dinner, and a TV snack—**and still remain slender!"**

CASE HISTORIES OF CARBO-CAL IN ACTION

CASE HISTORY OF HELEN G., typist. Weight: 141. Diagnosis: 20 lbs. overweight, severe migraine and high blood pressure. Use of standard thousand-calorie-a-day diet brought no weight loss. **Treatment with Carbo-Cal system:** 20 lbs. lost in 2 months: migraine vanishes: blood pressure down.

CASE HISTORY OF JEAN J., housewife. Problem: developed serious weight condition after birth of second child. Treatment: various diet systems involving pills, exercise, even hospitalization. Result: No weight loss. **Treatment with Carbo-Cal system:** all excess weight lost in only 9 weeks. Later check-backs showed loss permanent, no weight having been added after end of treatment.

CASE HISTORY OF FRANK ST. J., accountant. Weight 275. Active life, although tied down to desk job. Although careful about calories, remained overweight. Doctor switched him to **treatment with Carbo-Cal system:** 105 pounds lost in just under 5 months. Loss of weight seems permanently retained.

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Mexico (Continued from page 141)

Uxmal

Mérida to Hacienda Uxmal is a speedy one-hour drive on a good road, but fast night driving is hazardous, with strolling cows and calves blocking the highway. . . . Hacienda Uxmal, a three-minute drive from the ruins, is charming and small. Tiled arcades —so highly polished they seem perpetually wet—open on tropical gardens noisy with bird song. . . . Waiters wear white local costumes; waitresses, *ipiles*, crisp white cotton tunics brightly embroidered and worn over ruffled skirts. . . . Delicious food, especially chicken wrapped, cooked, and served in banana leaves with a spicy sauce. . . . The local cool drink: water mixed with the white spotted pulp of *pitoya*, a shocking-pink tropical fruit. . . . Mariachis—the barman doubles as a tenor—serenade guests during lunch, cocktails, and around eleven in the evening move to the pool, where many guests have a late swim in the warm night air. . . . Uxmal has no telephone service; guests' rooms, no bells; guests order breakfast in writing the night before. . . . Unlike the rest of Mexico where most people only attempt to speak and learn English, in Yucatán they speak French fluently, in addition to Mayan and Spanish.

Uxmal is the starting point for trips to the isolated ruins of Kabah, fourteen miles away. Only Jeeps, however, can manoeuvre through the narrow jungle roads leading to the three-storeyed palace at Sayil and the great arch at Labná, each about ten miles from Kabah.

Chichén Itzá

Chichén Itzá is about a ninety-minute drive across flat, desolate country from Mérida. Visitors driving from Uxmal, south of Mérida, to Chichén Itzá seventy-five miles east, must backtrack through Mérida.

Mayaland, the large, rambling Barbachano Hotel with masses of stairs, arches hung with flowering pots, and patios, has thatched cottages spread out in a dense, jungly garden. . . . Although Chichén Itzá has a telephone, hotel rooms do not; the tall, white-haired manager, Alan Taulbee, obliges with messages. . . . Two tamed parrots, both yellow and blue and enormous, have their regular positions, one by the pool, the other always on a tree.

* * * *

MEXICO'S PACIFIC COAST: Strung along the apple-green Pacific, sun places shine with newness along powder-beige beaches.

Acapulco

Pierre Marqués, a long and excellent hotel sprawling along a broad beach will have this spring an eighteen-hole golf course. . . . Las Brisas, a remarkable and celebrated complex of pink cottages sliding off craggy hills, has added some one hundred new *casitas*, each with a pool and a view of the bay below. . . . At the new Acapulco Towers, air-conditioned apartments with one or three bedrooms and electronic kitchens with deep freezers come each with a maid and cook. Far above the sea, the Towers has the largest and bluest pool in town, with a snack bar that at night serves steaks and chilies. . . . *Note:* At the nine-hole Club de Golf next to the Towers, some golfers play a first round in late afternoon, a second one under floodlights. . . . At the Villa Vera Racquet Club, a compound of cottages and pools hugged by shrubs, tennis courts light up at night. . . . At the new Acapulco Malibu, a twin-towered and circular hotel rising from the sand, there is an air-conditioned twin restaurant of New York's Voisin. . . . Acapulco Hilton has not only the best saunas in town but a roof restaurant on its new tower.

Across the avenue from the Hilton is Acapulco's new centre of shops and restaurants: At El Patio, Chesa Veglia, a Swiss air-conditioned restaurant, is run by Teddy Stauffer who once led the band in the original Chesa Veglia in St. Moritz. . . . On the late circuit, Tequila à Go-Go. . . . (Continued on page 160)

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VOGUE LOOKS AT 1969

In the January 1 issue the editors predict fashion and beauty for the new year

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Duncan Andrews is doing everything for his thinning hair.

Everything wrong.

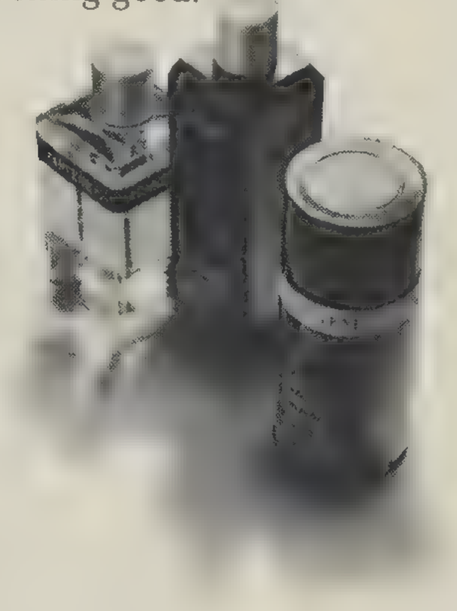
First, he shampoos every other day or so. Drying. Uses bar soap or whatever's handy. Also drying. And dry hair can be brittle. Breakable. (And the more his hair breaks, the less he's got.)

And that's only the beginning. Because all that shampooing makes hair uncooperative, Duncan uses a grooming agent. A good one, sure. One that keeps his hair from dancing all over his head. By squashing it. Making it look even thinner. Besides, it only glosses over the dryness problem, and makes hair dirty all over again. So, back to another drying shampoo.

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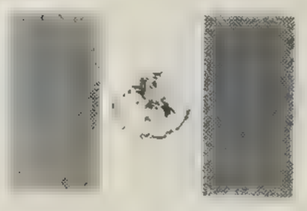
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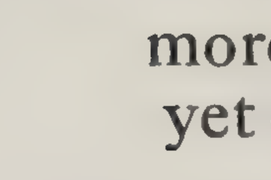
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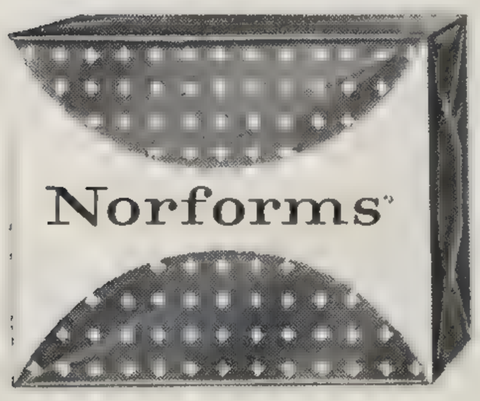
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Mexico (Continued from page 146)

At the Luis Royer boutique clothes are designed and quickly made to order: shirts and caftans for men and women. The shop also copies clothes in local fabrics or in goods people bring. . . . The dim arena of Acapulco's newest discothèque, Tiberio's, blares with live and canned music; the waiters wear white togas. At the entrance, Tiberio's boutique has a collection of afternoon and evening clothes by two of New York's talented designers, Adolfo and Bob Bugnand. Made in Mexico, these clothes come only in domino colours: variants of black and white.

Tres Vidas, the new country club, plans to open in January with a seven-million-dollar sampling of a vast program of sunny pleasures: two eighteen-hole golf courses—one rough, Scottish; the other smooth, American. At each, nine holes are always in shade, away from the sun—no squinting. Six of sixteen tennis courts will be playable and have night lights. There will be thirty villas for the club's international members plus a clubhouse with two solaria, indoor and outdoor. Five minutes by car from the new airport, Tres Vidas lies away from town.

Puerto Vallarta

Renting a house with staff and flower-painted Jeep is routine at this jungly, steep town north of Acapulco. . . . At El Dorado, an informal restaurant and boutique on the beach, many people, beginning with breakfast, spend the day there swimming and playing bridge on the sand. . . . *Huachinangos*, barbecued red snappers on sticks are sold by beach boys. . . . Oceano Hotel, the town's message and mail drop, has good Martinis, venison, and turtle. . . . At the Margarita, guests dine under enormous jacaranda trees, dance indoors. . . .

Baja California

One of the world's great game-fishing grounds is at the southern point of the long barren peninsula where the Pacific meets the Gulf of California. . . . On the ocean, Hacienda Cabo San Lucas, built on rocks, is open all year. . . . Palmilla and Club las Cruces, both on the Gulf, close June 30, open late in October. . . . At all three places: air strips, boats for charter, pools, tennis, sandy coves, and great billfishing. . . . How to go: first, Aeronaves from Los Angeles to La Paz in Baja California, then by air taxi. Once a week the company plane flies from San Diego to the three lodges in Baja. Reservations: Box 1775, La Jolla, California.

* * * *

EASY-GOING ROUTES TO MEXICO: From all over the United States, jets zero in on Mexico. . . . Aeronaves de Mexico jets leave every day from New York for Mexico City and Acapulco; after December 16, extra flights on Saturdays, Sundays, and Mondays. Round-trip fare, New York to Acapulco, in first class, $358; in economy, $278. Excursion fare, $246, for a stay of not more than thirty days. Aeronaves also flies from Houston to Acapulco and to Puerto Vallarta. . . . Eastern Airlines' jets fly from New York; Washington, D. C.; Baltimore; Philadelphia, and New Orleans to Mexico City. Beginning December 18, non-stop flights, New York to Acapulco—four hours and thirty minutes—will fly every day, except on Wednesdays and Fridays. . . . Braniff International leaves every afternoon from New York to Mexico City, continues to Acapulco. . . . Air France jets leave Paris at one in the afternoon, arrive in Mexico City at nine-thirty.

Western Airlines flies from Los Angeles and San Diego to either Mexico City or Acapulco in three hours; thirty-day excursion fare, $160, from either Californian city to either Mexican destination. . . . Mexicana Airlines links all Mexico; it also flies across the border to the United States and to the Caribbean.

Princess Cruises, sailing from Los Angeles to Mexico's Pacific ports, make exceptionally long calls both at Puerto Vallarta and Acapulco on their eleven- and fourteen-day cruises. "Princess Carla," designed especially for tropical seas, will follow the same cruise pattern on her first voyage sailing December 19.



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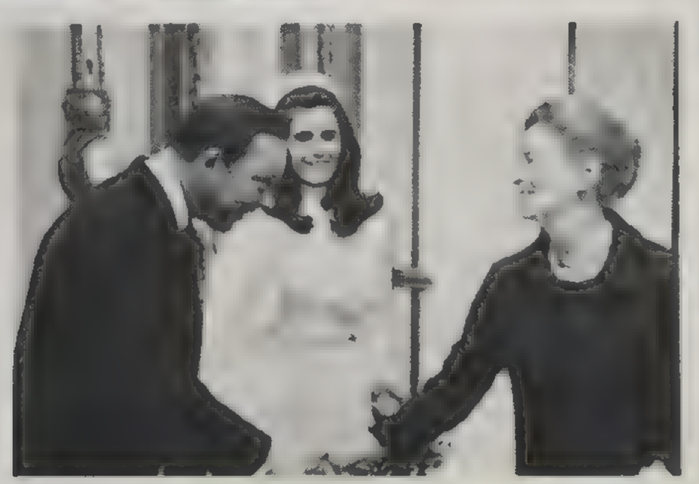
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VOGUE'S NOTEBOOK

The holly wedding in New York of Miss Hollister Houghton to Mr. William Haggard, III



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As rare as a pastoral wedding planted in the middle of Manhattan, the reception after the wedding of Miss Hollister Douglas Houghton and Mr. William D. Haggard, III, was held in silken tents on the green lawn behind the Sutton Place house of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur A. Houghton, junior. Entering the first tent was, said a friend, "like stepping into a marvellous garden with, everywhere, the sound of laughter." From this tent, garlanded with daisies, a corridor led to a second tent with transparent walls framing the sudden drama of the Queensborough Bridge. At the reception and decorating the Madison Avenue Presbyterian Church, the deep shine of holly branches from the Houghtons' Maryland plantation made a crisp, deliberate wordplay: holly for the bride, holly for Holly. 1. The bride, with her father, entering the church. 2. Mr. John H. Haggard, best man; the maid of honour, Miss Anne W. Stroud; Mrs. William Fahnestock. 3. Bridesmaids in their yellow-and-white costumes by Adolfo. 4. Miss Bland Nesbit, Miss Suzette deM. Dewey. 5. Mrs. Wilson Moltke; Mrs. Philip Isles; Mrs. Richard F. Mott, II. 6. Miss Jane McCall, Miss Susan O. Hadley. 7. The bride's mother, dancing with the groom, as the bride's father dances with the bride. 8. Miss Dane Nichols, Mr. Eugene O. Harris, III. 9. Mr. and Mrs. William D. Haggard, III. 10. Mr. George Carden, Miss Virginia Guest.

The dress by Tudor Square. The fiber by Enka. The photograph by Art Kane.



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Two piece dress designed by Maria Prinzi. In oyster white. 8-16. About $50. At Regensteins, Atlanta, Ga.; Buffums', Long Beach, Calif.; Boyd's, St. Louis, Mo.; Bonwit Teller, Philadelphia, Pa.; Sanger-Harris, Dallas, Texas.

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VOGUE'S

A carnival of fashion on Capri



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"Like a super house party, we had the island to ourselves," said one member of this party that pulled a whirlwind of internationals into a whirlpool of fashion on Capri. The leitmotif: *MareModa*, or fashions for the sea.

Mare by day, when everyone took to the sea—water-skiing, living on yachts, swimming off the Faraglioni before lunching at Luigi's—pasta with green basil sauce and green-gold wine. *Moda* took over at night. The collections were danced on a pond-simulating stage in the Certosa, the fourteenth-century monastery. Eight designers won Golden Tiberius awards.

All weekend, everybody got costumed-up. The women were outchained by the men, who often wore



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NOTEBOOK



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silver links with jackets made of Indian saris. Chain hunting, in fact, became the midnight romp. Between dinner in the gardens of La Capannina and dancing in the light circus at the Splash, chain gangs bought out the Capri jewellers.

1. A collection being shown in the shimmering cloisters of the Certosa. 2. Marqués and Marquesa de Villaverde. 3. Contessa Consuelo Crespi, Signor Antonio Cerruti. 4. Mr. and Mrs. Tony Curtis. 5. The Earl of Lichfield, Signorina Barbara Carrera. 6. Miss Marisa Berenson, Miss China Machado. 7. Miss Faye Dunaway; Mr. Michael Fish, the British designer, with his Golden Tiberius. 8. Signore and Signora De Simone. 9. Miss Penelope Tree; Mr. David Bailey. 10. Signorina Mirella Petteni, Principe and Principessa di Monteroduni.



10

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1027

Wire M. Martel: Mr. Elliot wants to replenish his stock of '64 Burgundy from the caves of M. LeCaux in Dijon.

Tell Miss Ryan she's to do the research on Mr. Corliss' family history.

Mrs. Easton wants "that lovely Miss Lee" to escort her daughter again to the Belle Ecole in Lausanne.

Senor & Senora Martinez y Dia would like an interpreter to meet them in Washington and travel with them for a week.

Mrs. Davies called to say the restoration of the Aubusson was fantastic...now she'd like us to cope with the Belter.

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VOGUE'S

A spin of pre-Columbian Peruvian art at the Guggenheim Museum in New York



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For the opening of the scholarly, subtle, and handsome exhibition "Mastercraftsmen of Ancient Peru," at The Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, Peruvian lenders and leaders flew in to New York to plump a crowd elated by great pre-Columbian art. (The exhibition runs until January.)

The evening began with dinner in a room glossed with enormous blowups of pre-Columbian designs. Then guests, starting at the top of this coil-shaped museum, wound down a time spiral of art, moving from stone implements seven to twelve thousand years old all the way to silver Incan llamas shaped shortly before the Spanish conquest of Peru in 1532. The spectators came to earth finally to celebrate with modern Peruvian drink: delicious, bite-y *pisco* sours.



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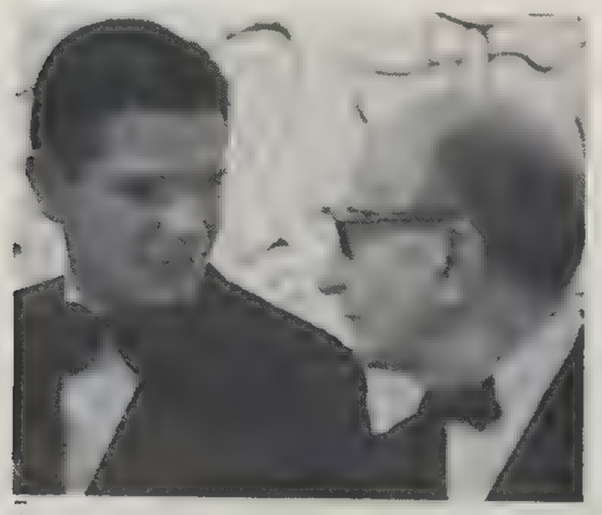


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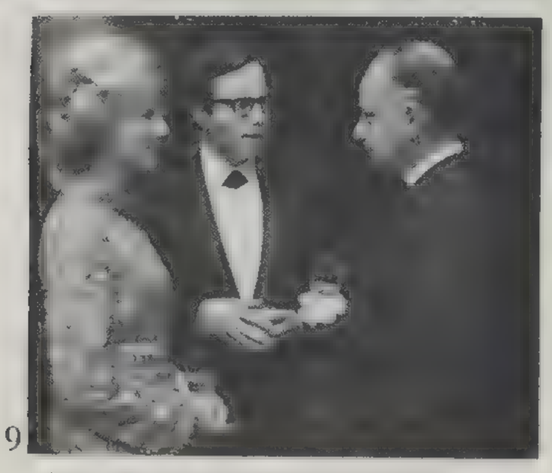
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NOTEBOOK





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MIKE SMITH

I. An arrangement of Peruvian art. 2. Mrs. Peter O. Lawson-Johnston, H. E. Celso Pastor de la Torre. 3. Sr. Manuel Checa Solari (behind him, a textile from Paracas). 4. Mrs. James F. Hoge, junior; Mr. William F. McIlwain. 5. Miss Susan Handal Said, Miss Elspeth V. Tweddle, Sra. Gladys T. de Larrabure. 6. Mr. and Mrs. Thomas M. Messer. 7. Mr. Peter O. Lawson-Johnston, H. E. José Luis Bustamente y Rivero. 8. Mr. and Mrs. Arthur D. Emil, Mrs. Bill D. Moyers. 9. Mrs. Joseph Vincent Charyk, Mr. Bill D. Moyers, Mr. Charyk. 10. Mrs. Doris Bally Duke. 11. Mr. and Mrs. John B. Hightower. 12. Hon. Angier Biddle Duke, Sra. Mercedes Belaúnde de Pastor. 13. Sr. Guillermo Ganoza, a lender, with Dr. Alan R. Sawyer, curator of the exhibition.

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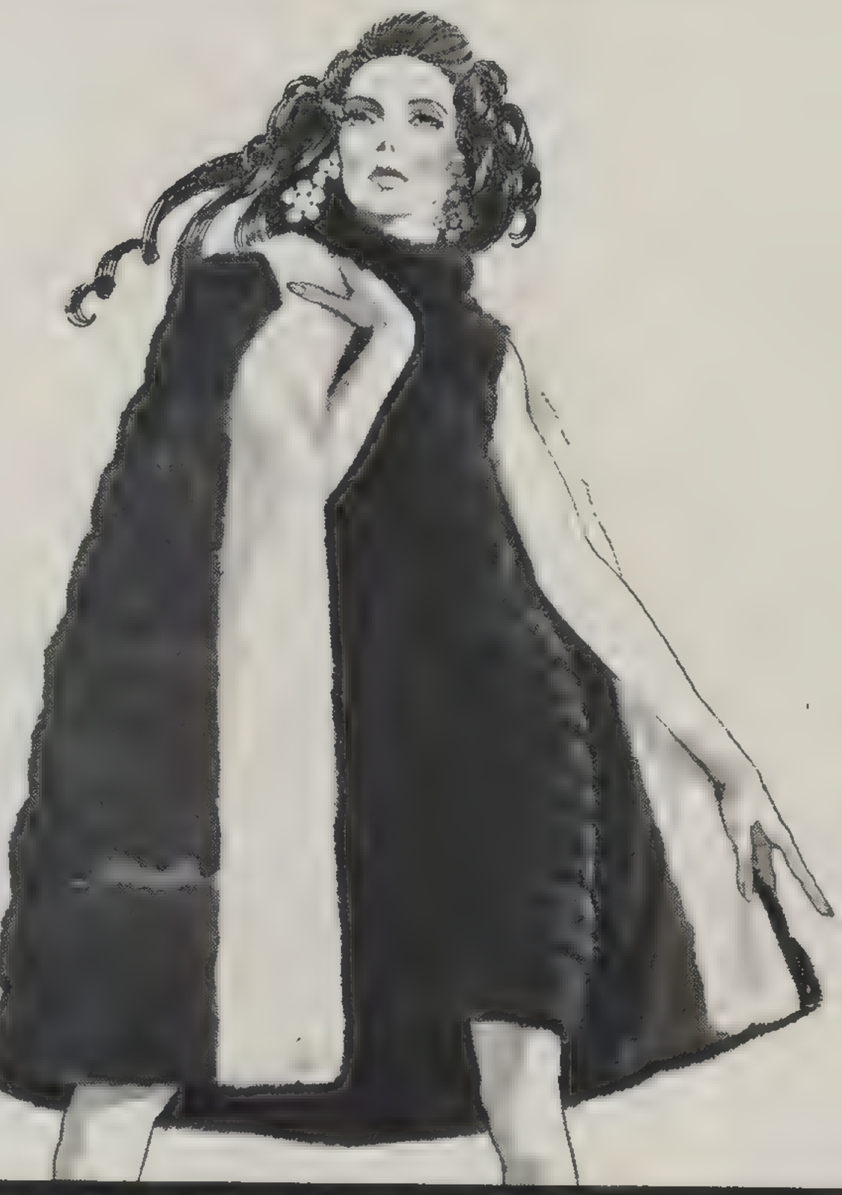


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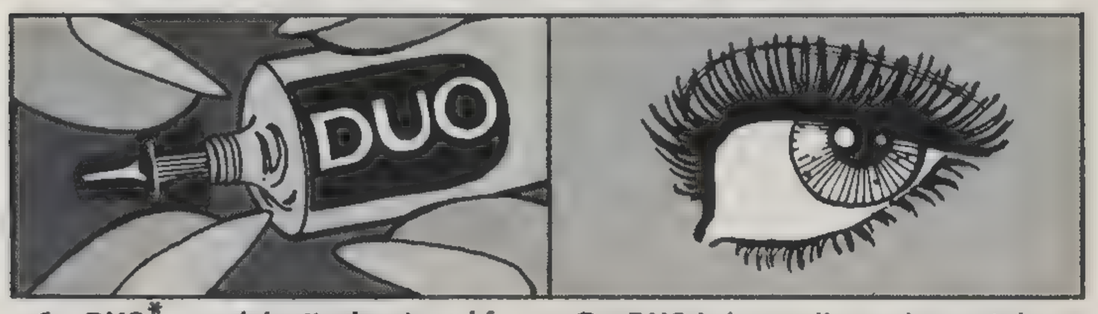


that fine Italian hand in fur

DAVID

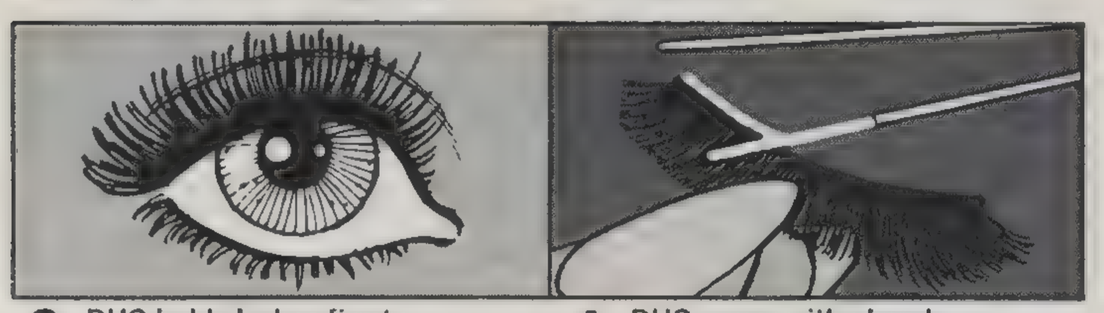
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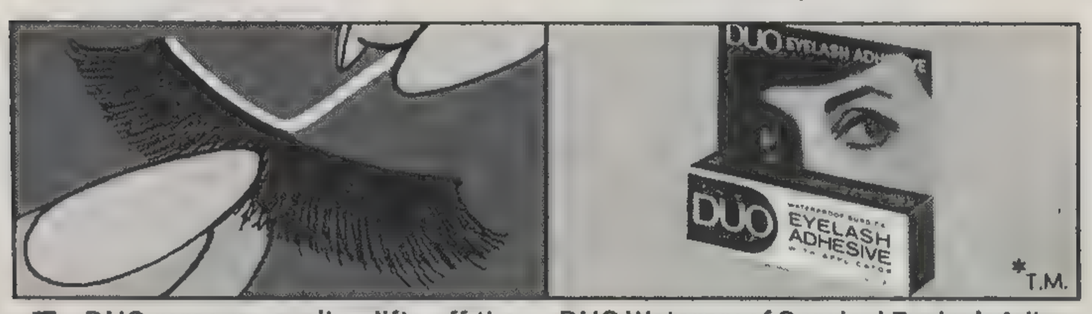
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VOGUE'S

In California, party of a century



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Summing up a century of El Peco Ranch, Mr. and Mrs. George A. Pope, Jr., celebrated with friends and family, ranging in age from two to ninety. At this hacienda hoedown, mariachis played in eucalyptus groves where long tables were set for a barbecue of grilled steaks and country apple pie. Tractor-drawn buckboards took guests exploring the famous stables of brood mares and Thoroughbreds.

Four hundred people came—some by chartered bus, some driving, some flying in to San Joaquin Valley where El Peco's airstrip, cut through 16,000 acres of alfalfa, corn, and cotton, had been lengthened a thousand feet just for the private planes vrooming in.

ERNEST RESHOVSKY—PIX

NOTEBOOK

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1. Mr. George A. Pope, Jr. 2. Mrs. George A. Pope, Jr. 3. Mr. and Mrs. John A. B. Ducato. 4. Mr. Joseph Oliver Tobin, Mrs. Frank McGinnis. 5. Mr. and Mrs. Adolphus Andrews, Jr.; their daughter, Edith, and, *right*, Mrs. James Allen Barnett. 6. Mr. and Mrs. Robert Paul Strub; their daughters, Alice, *left*, and Sally. 7. Mr. Louis Richard Rowan with his son, Robert. 8. Mrs. Robert Devlin, Mrs. George A. Pope, III; a cluster of children. 9. Mr. Peter Talbot Pope, Mr. George A. Pope, III; groom Mr. Jerry Waag, with Hillary, El Peco's champion stallion. 10. Mr. and Mrs. George Forrester. 11. Mr. and Mrs. Montgomery Fisher. 12. Mrs. Edward Erle Brownell and great-grandchildren.



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VOGUE'S SPOTLIGHT

Theatre

BY ANTHONY WEST

Tea Party and The Basement, "*perfect little machine*"

The production of Harold Pinter's two eerie little playlets, *Tea Party* and *The Basement,* at New York's Eastside Playhouse shows that the leasing of this building on 74th Street by the Richard Lee Marks and Henry Jaffe management is a promising development. The place has been transformed into a stage technician's dream, and New York has been given a small-scale experimental theatre that can meet any conceivable demand likely to be made on it. Pinter's two pieces were originally written for British television, and their idiom is that of the box so that their rapid transitions from scene to scene and time to time call for a very fluid stage treatment. The perfect little machine that the new management has created enables James Hammerstein to solve all the problems involved in a way that brings the optical vitality of film to the stage.

Of the plays themselves there isn't too much to be said. Harold Pinter as usual builds with the spaces between the banalities that issue from his characters, and with the tensions generated by the ambiguities of their relationships. One's desire to have things mean something tricks one, as the old virtuoso knows very well that it will, into doing half the work. Thanks largely to the brilliant performances of Valerie French, June Emery, and John Tillinger in *Tea Party,* and of Ted van Griethuysen, James Ray, and Margo Ann Berdeshevsky in *The Basement,* the combination of Pinter's contribution and the average spectator's is almost certain to be something spookily engaging and worth thinking about. *The Basement* falls flat on its face in its final five minutes when it turns out to be a retread—so far as its machinery goes—of J. B. Priestley's old war-horse of the déjà vu, *Dangerous Corner.* But it is so good in its own peculiar way up to that point that it can be forgiven its disappointing anticlimax. Not that there is really anything to forgive; it is thrilling to be in the theatre when everybody concerned knows so very well what he is about. This is just what the theatre should be at.

A Cry of Players, "*nervous*"

A Cry of Players at the Repertory Theater of Lincoln Center is something else again, alas, the theatrical equivalent of one of those four-stacker Atlantic liners that used to compete for the Blue Ribband in the twenties. What William Gibson has done is to write an old-time cleavage melodrama about Will Shakespeare. It turns on the question of whether this brilliant boy will stay in Stratford and do his duty to the older woman he has married or whether he will be true to himself and follow the harlotry players off to London. He has quite a struggle between his love for his wife and her children and his sense that he must ditch them, but as one watches Frank Langella wrestling with the problem, one thinks not of Shakespeare but of Anthony Perkins, and of Irish America rather than of Elizabethan England. Things aren't made any better by the director's complete absence of any sort of feeling for the period, and by the hideous and wholly implausible costumes that look like the improvisations of an underfinanced high-school drama group. It is evident that the Repertory Theater of Lincoln Center is still as uncertain of its direction and as nervous of professionalism as ever.

SOME FINDS

Ours: Wedding circlets, left to right, top row: $395. $725. $325. $750.
Bottom: $1,475. $1,095. $975. $395. $475. $325.
Theirs: Grecian horse and ox, 7th Century B.C., Houston Museum of Fine Arts.



Ours: Platinum and diamond covered watches. Top: $4,000. Bottom, $6,750.
Theirs: Egyptian hippo, XII Dynasty, Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York.



Ours: Ring, $2,950. Earclips, $3,475. Pin (separates into two clips), $6,750.
Theirs: Bronze Buddha, 17th Century, private collection.

Ours: Clockwise from noon: $8,350. $3,800. $7,500. $13,900. $13,000. $16,500.
Theirs: Mayan conch gorget, Isaac Delgado Museum, New Orleans.

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VOGUE'S SPOTLIGHT

London

BY QUENTIN CREWE

The difficulty about London, indeed the whole of Britain, is that it refuses to conform to any set pattern. The struggle up till now has been a fairly straightforward contest between Cavaliers and Roundheads, which all could follow, and take sides with Imperial, red-nosed, mistress-keeping, Church of England rectitude or with Little England, teetotal, free-love-in-theory monogamous-in-practice, Puritan morality.

Then the whole thing got jumbled up. It was a bit like the problems facing Professor Fred Hoyle, the Cambridge astronomer. The Steady State of creation theory went by the board. The quasars did that. And in turn they have unsettled the Big Bang theory. The professor, in his wisdom, has now propounded the Steady Bang theory, which may remind some of us of the Zen koan, "What is the sound of one hand clapping?"

London, instead of swinging like a pendulum, has become a steady bang, with no one certain when to jump or blink or cover his ears. *Private Eye*, normally unshy in its use of expletives, prints a word with asterisks while the *Evening Standard*, usually gun-shy, prints it in full.

The arrival of *Hair* on the London stage seemed to highlight the confusion of the permissive and the censorious. The serious critics treated it as just another musical, largely ignoring the question of nudity. Mr. Hugh Cudlipp, the new chairman of the group which owns the *Daily Mirror* (a newspaper whose vast circulation is not wholly dissociated from its fondness for large pictures of scantly clad girls) sent every one of the paper's top columnists, including the sports columnist and the political commentator, to see the show. They sat in a glum row, mostly hating it, the sportsman saying that his only pleasure lay in the fact that there could be no extra time. They concluded that it was for the young. Yet, on the first night, when the audience leaped on the stage to dance with the cast, the first to leap were the Duke of Bedford and Zsa Zsa Gabor.

The first night of *Hair* came just one day after the last day of the Queen's Lord Chamberlain, who since 1737 has had the job of censoring all plays. This was in some ways a sad event. Where now can we look for such arcane propriety as one of his cuts in *The Bed Sitting Room* by Spike Milligan and John Antrobus: "Delete from, 'In return they were willing . . .' down to and including, 'The Duke of Edinburgh is a wow with the Greek dishes.' Substitute, 'Hark ye, hark ye. The day of judgment is at hand.' "?

Now, in the six months after the Lord Chamberlain's departure, the theatre will see three men emerging from a shower and drying themselves (in *Fortune and Men's Eyes*), hooligans stoning a baby to death (*Saved*), and the suggestion of a Lesbian relationship between Queen Victoria and Florence Nightingale (*Early Morning*).

Have then the propounders of frolic triumphed? Very far from it. Just when one is beginning to feel that we are never going to see another play with clothed actors, read another book which does not open our eyes to a new deviation, hear another song without a *double entendre*. Lord Egremont publishes his memoirs—*Wyndham and Children First*. As John Wyndham, Lord Egremont was secretary to Harold Macmillan, through World War II in the Mediterranean and later, when Macmillan was Foreign Secretary and Prime Minister. In between times, Mr. Wyndham inherited a few million pounds; Petworth, one of England's finest houses; a castle in (Continued on page 174)



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PARFUMEUR

PARIS

Vogue's Spotlight: London (Continued from page 172)

Cumberland; 69,810 acres; 13 Van Dycks; 20 Turners; several Reynoldses; and one Aphrodite, hopefully by Praxiteles.

Lord Egremont proclaims himself an amateur, and in his memoirs we are wafted along in wonderment as to how someone who not only forgot the whisky and the butter for Macmillan's establishment in Sicily and picked for his master the coldest set of rooms in the Palace of Caserta in winter but also failed to produce Macmillan's speech at the Geneva Foreign Ministers' Conference, managed to survive. Nevertheless he did. It is not a very good book, but through it shine more clearly than have ever before been revealed exactly the qualities of eccentric shrewdness and benign ruthlessness which are the survival kit of the British aristocracy. Those cold rooms were the best when summer came.

The pity of its being a badly constructed book is that it does not do the author justice, for he is one of the most delightful men in England and one of the best conversationalists. I regretted most the omission of his story of how he was screened for security when he rejoined Macmillan after the war. After three days of grilling, all seemed well. Then his interrogator asked "merely as a formality" whether he had an overdraft. "Yes," replied the languid Wyndham. "Oh, I realize," said the questioner apologetically, "that it is nothing. Just a small amount to tide you over a short period, I expect. But I must ask you how much it is." "Nine hundred thousand pounds," said Wyndham happily.

But we can not relax in this way with Lord Egremont, the Steady Bang state of England demands our attention. In St. Paul's Cathedral we have Mary Hopkin, the Beatles latest discovery, singing folk/pop songs. We have *The Oxford Illustrated Old Testament:* And the Lord said unto Moses, "Go set thee down; for thy people, which thou broughtest out of the land of Egypt, have corrupted themselves." And there, drawn by Carol Annand, is Moses sitting in a leather armchair, smoking a cigar. (I seem to remember a young angel at the fish fry in *The Green Pastures* saying, "Have a ten cent *seegar*, Lawd." There's nothing new?)

Our religious life seems as confused as the rest of it. At the same time as folk/pop in St. Paul's and the pop art Bible we have the New Testament on radio, read by Bernard Miles in the accents of one of Lord Egremont's gardeners. "And Jessus nairly did 'is knot when he saw the temple. Coows an' 'ens and ca'el orl over it—loik a marrrket."

Sometimes it all seems worthwhile and the bang pushes us a little further, as at the Cybernetic Serendipity Exhibition at the Institute of Contemporary Arts. Here, Prime Minister Harold Wilson's dream of a technological age appeared friendly and witty, rather than cold and austere. Sculptures turned their heads or waved their spiky fronds in harmonic agitation. Heuristic (short-cut) pens and algorithmic (well-defined) brushes wove patterns of unimaginable beauty. The world of computers reached tentatively into the arts. Love, however, was beyond the machine, which wrote with the unconvincing passion of a Mata Hari seducing in an unfamiliar tongue: "You are my impatient ardour; my seductive rapture. My yearning fervently sighs for your ardent fellow feeling. . . ." The computer seemed to have listened to John Updike, who says that making love is a master-slave relationship on both sides, and had been unable to make up its mind who should make the first move. Frustration got the better of it: "My fond hunger thirsts for temorhavgbaasvvk."

It is December and we can all take a rest. We praise God and sing carols. Mother Goose is not a junkie. Even the computer wrote a Christmas message. Jollymerry hollyberry jollyberry merryholly happyjolly jollyjelly jellybelly bellymerry hollyheppy jollyMolly marryJerry hoppyBarry heppyJarry boppyheppy berryjorry....

With acute perception of the feast it never said happybelly, with propriety it never thought of bellyhoppy.

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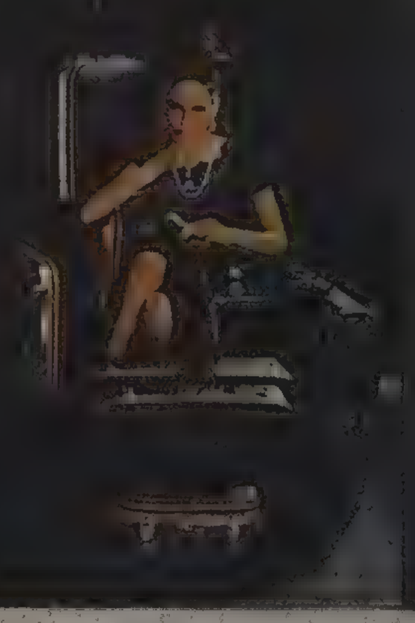
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VOGUE'S SPOTLIGHT
Pop Music

BY RICHARD GOLDSTEIN

Albert King, "*blues of the Delta guru*"

What the rock scene needs more than anything now is a viable life-style. With the San Francisco renaissance a victim of its own hype, and the love cosmology an early casualty of the Chicago youthquake, rock is suffering from culture shock. What is missing is a marketable ethos to seize the imagination of youth. There is barely enough magic left in pop music to turn a hamster on.

Except in blues. Blues always surfaces in a cultural vacuum, partially because of its deep concern with anxiety and despair, but also because it is such a reliable form. As the basic mode of American music, nothing could be more familiar to folk, jazz, and rock fans than those inevitable twelve bars. And it can be deeply reassuring to sense that no matter what happens—come war or peace, riot or repression—the blues will always be.

No wonder certain professorial rock critics are writing now about a great blues revival. Bluesboppers everywhere are searching the mud bayous of American music for a soul guru. And they have finally found him in Albert King, B. B. King's half-brother and a dazzling musician in his own right. Thanks to their ardour, Albert King has busted out of the pop ghetto, and now he plays to rapt, reverent audiences whenever he ventures into the Day-Glo realm of hip rock.

Take the Fillmore East, that pop acropolis down on New York's Second Avenue. Fillmore crowds are a breed apart; they stomp in appreciation over one riff and nod out in disgust over the next. A really bad rock group draws no venom from this audience but only the sound of mass snoring.

But, though they are a bit blasé about their own, Fillmore audiences are always kind to foreigners. What could be more exotic to a generation raised on flash and feedback than Albert King? He comes on in an open-collared shirt, unlit pipe dangling from his lips. He plays against a sparse, subdued combo (bass, organ, and drums). His accompanists don't dance or harmonize around him. They treat their leader like a virtuoso. In response to such deference, he dominates his music, slicing chunks of rhythm and melody with incredibly crisp exclamation riffs. He plays at high volume, but the sound that issues from his amplifiers is immaculate and precise.

Against the muddy waters of white electric blues, such clarity of phrasing sounds remarkable. Even more imposing, Albert King looks like a natural cat. He hovers above his guitar with tremendous assurance and ease. He guffaws over his playing, flirts with the audience, and sips orange juice in the heat of his solos. This husky, yet humorous approach to blues is not unusual among black performers, yet to white audiences—who often approach blues as a litany to be recited with utter sanctimony—King's casual assertion is potent novelty. At the Fillmore, he has them on their feet after even a mediocre set. He doesn't even have to put out. All he has to do is stand up there, while the light show flashes slides of roots in stroboscopic fury, and the audience gets the point. The point is presence. Albert King, the Delta guru, has arrived. The girl to my right, sucking on her love beads, is howling for more. "Oh wow," she sighs at the sea of eager faces. "He's so . . . black."



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VOGUE'S SPOTLIGHT

Art

BY BARBARA ROSE

Franz Kline, "*half-dozen masterpieces*"

One of the issues raised by the Franz Kline retrospective at the Whitney Museum in New York is the relationship of innovation to quality. In the development of Abstract Expressionism, Kline was no pioneer. The aesthetic premises on which he based his art had already been laid down by Pollock and de Kooning. Yet in this exhibition there are a half-dozen "masterpieces," if what we mean by masterpiece is a profound, resolved work fulfilling the intention of a sensitive and intense artist. Largeness and universality of statement are also implicit in the concept of the masterpiece—and Kline was equally capable of expressing these, too.

Kline lacked, however, the staying power to sustain his vision, to extract from it a durable basis for development beyond its original point of departure. For this reason, the works of the late fifties, in their attempts to use colour and to paint ever more freely and loosely, are compelling largely in their passion of execution. The vehemence of attack, the disconnected brushstrokes cut short in their sweeping trajectories, the rough, scumbled pigment, all speak to us of struggle and conflict. But that struggle is rarely if ever transcended in an image of turbulence brought under control, as it is in Kline's poignant black-and-white paintings produced between 1950 and 1955.

Losing the clarity of image that created so much of the impact of these stark dramatic works, Kline was not able to achieve a convincing new synthesis. In fact, it appears he realized that a Turneresque storm of light—and in Kline's case shadow—could not cause an abstraction to cohere. (In Turner's case, only the vestigial seascape imagery allows the eye to form a coherent pattern of painterly dazzle.) In several paintings such as "Riverbed" and "Caboose," executed just before his premature death, Kline returned to the large, simple black image silhouetted sharply against a white ground that characterizes the early abstractions. In comparison with the open, calligraphic sweep, the economy and sureness of touch of "Chief," "Accent Grave," and "Ninth Street," even the best of the late paintings suffers.

The problem of Kline's late works is not the mannerism or refinement that plagues late Abstract Expressionism generally. The drive is still there in a painting like "Requiem," but the vision has lost its focus. In a sense Kline's dilemmas, both pictorial and personal, were endemic to his generation. A life style and a painting style so committed to gambling and search had to risk a high percentage of failures. One can not but wonder if the reason why Kline and his generation failed more often than the crop of artists now is that they risked more. Surely any critical evaluation must take into consideration not only the results but the stakes of an aesthetic venture.

No group of painters was ever more ambitious than the Abstract Expressionists. They tried to make pictures that were metaphors for human freedom in their lack of constraint by conventional shapes or boundaries. Too often, as in Kline's unsuccessful works, the result was incoherence and muddiness—the result of too many false starts, too much insecurity and hesitancy exposed. Such an art devoted to means and to painting as process necessarily avoided considering ends in advance. The leap made without looking was often spectacular in its daring but disastrous in its outcome.



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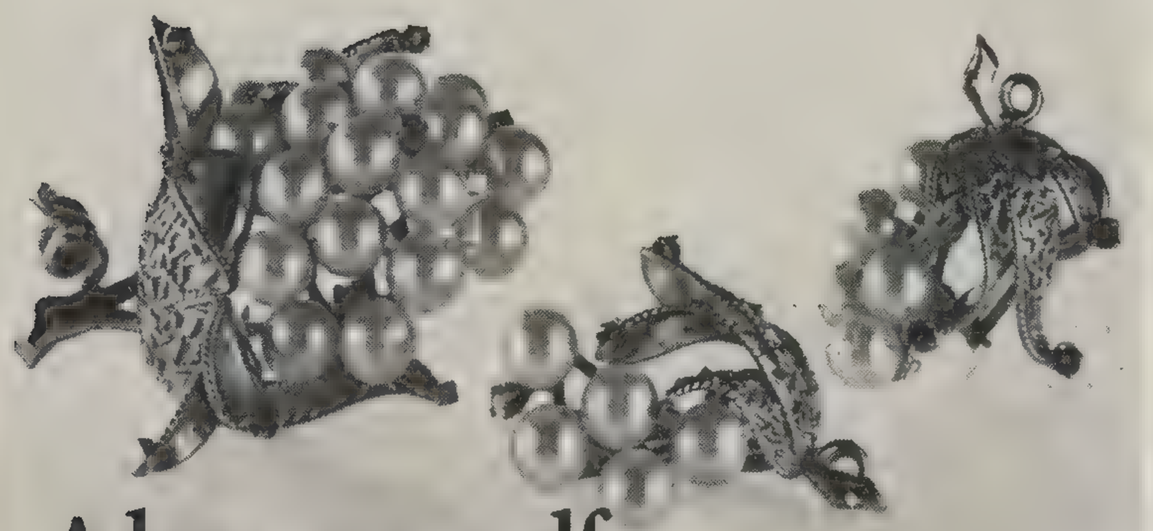
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VOGUE'S SPOTLIGHT

Movies

BY ARTHUR SCHLESINGER, JR.

The Lion in Winter, "*cinematic clichés*"

When a film opens with a shot of drifting clouds and when a moment later crossed swords are suddenly raised against the placid sky, one recognizes a director with a firm grasp of cinematic cliché. When, as the film proceeds, scene after scene has flames in the background—guttering candles or flaring torches or roaring logs—when the tolling of bells serves as the punctuation between scenes and the sound of hidden choirs adds emotional emphasis, one begins to acknowledge a master of banality.

But I do not want to give the director, Anthony Harvey, exclusive credit for the *Lion in Winter* débâcle. Mr. Harvey made a harsh and original film of *Dutchman* a year or two back, and he may here simply be deferring to what he regards as the ritual of historical drama. First responsibility must go to James Goldman, who wrote both the original play and the screenplay.

The Lion in Winter, an episode in the lives of Henry II and Eleanor of Aquitaine, takes place in 1183. The dialogue is very sub-Christopher Fry (Henry to his girl: "Has my willow turned to poison oak?"), interlarded with anachronisms: I rather doubt that the word "motivated" was used very often in the twelfth century. James Goldman, in addition, is a writer who tries to have it both ways. Fearful after a "strong" dramatic scene that the sophisticated members of his audience will snicker, he then tacks on a smart modern crack. Thus after a vicious fight with her husband and sons, Katharine Hepburn as Eleanor is required to say, "What family doesn't have its ups and downs?" or, "Dear, dear, whatever shall we do with mother?" The actors can do very little with such material. Katharine Hepburn struggles valiantly and ends up a cross between Judith Anderson and Helen Hayes. *The Lion in Winter* is a ludicrous film.

The Fixer, "*prurient relish in violence*"

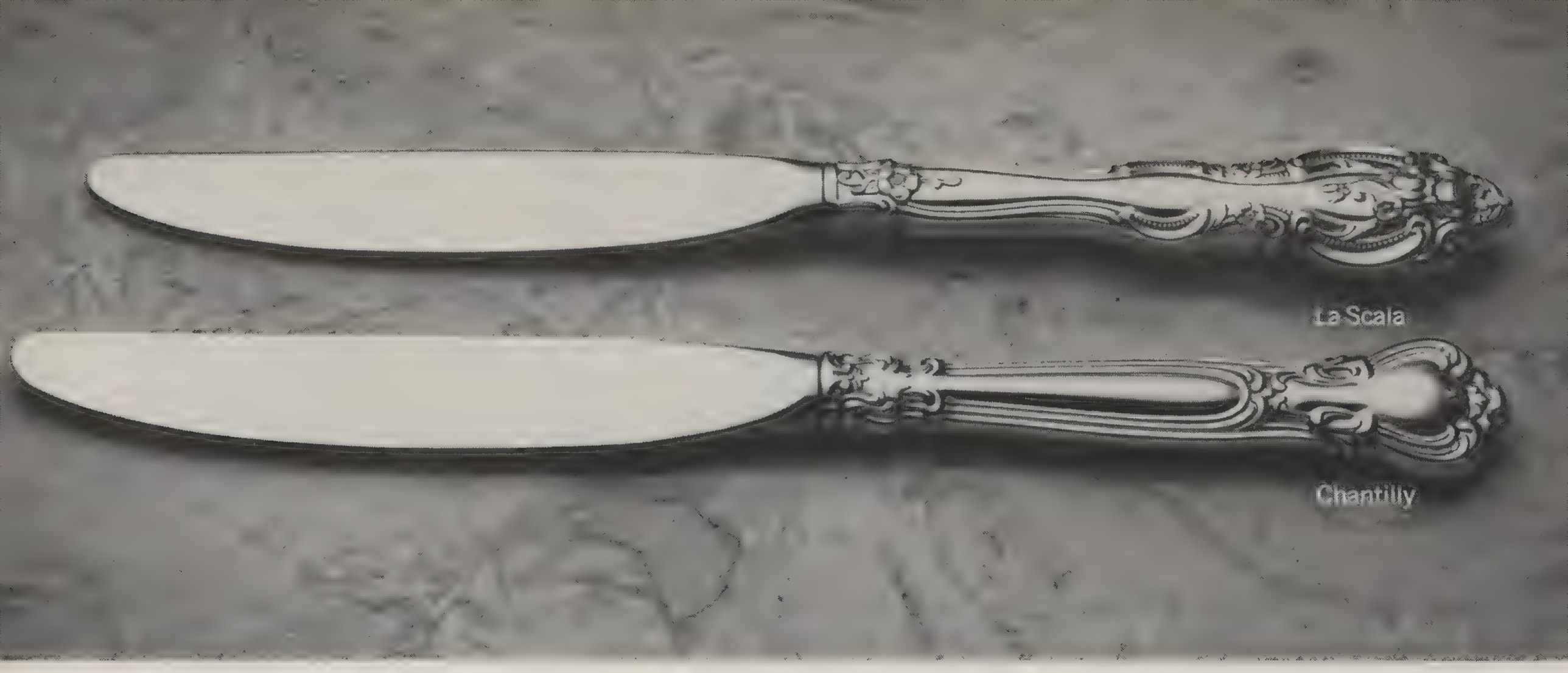
The Fixer—or at least the hour and a half I could abide of it—is worse than ludicrous; it is repellent. It is odd that this should be so. Bernard Malamud's novel about the Jew falsely accused of ritual murder in imperial Russia was strong and serious. John Frankenheimer has shown brilliant narrative control and drive in other films. The cast (Alan Bates, Dirk Bogarde, Hugh Griffith, David Warner) is good. But everything has gone wrong. It was a mistake, I think, to shoot a sombre tale like this in cheerful colour; nor did making it in Hungary bring it closer to Kiev than if it had been made in Culver City. The medley of accents—Cockney, BBC, East Side New York, Eastern European—is distracting. The confusion of tone is even worse.

The film begins with a thunderous scene of a pogrom shot in Frankenheimer's best bravura style. Suddenly the mood shifts to *Fiddler on the Roof*—gentle ghetto tailors uttering aphorisms; the hero speaking a Jacobowsky-like soliloquy while pondering whether or not to sleep with a Russian girl. Then a child is found murdered; the hero is arrested; and the rest of the film, as far as I could endure it, is beatings, torture, degradation, and fairly unrelieved sadism.

The Fixer is made with evident contempt for its audience. The screenplay, by that old Popular Front hack Dalton Trumbo, mingles sentimental cliché, sententious non-profundities, fake social concern, and a prurient relish in violence. This is a totally false film, devoid of a breath of human life or truth.



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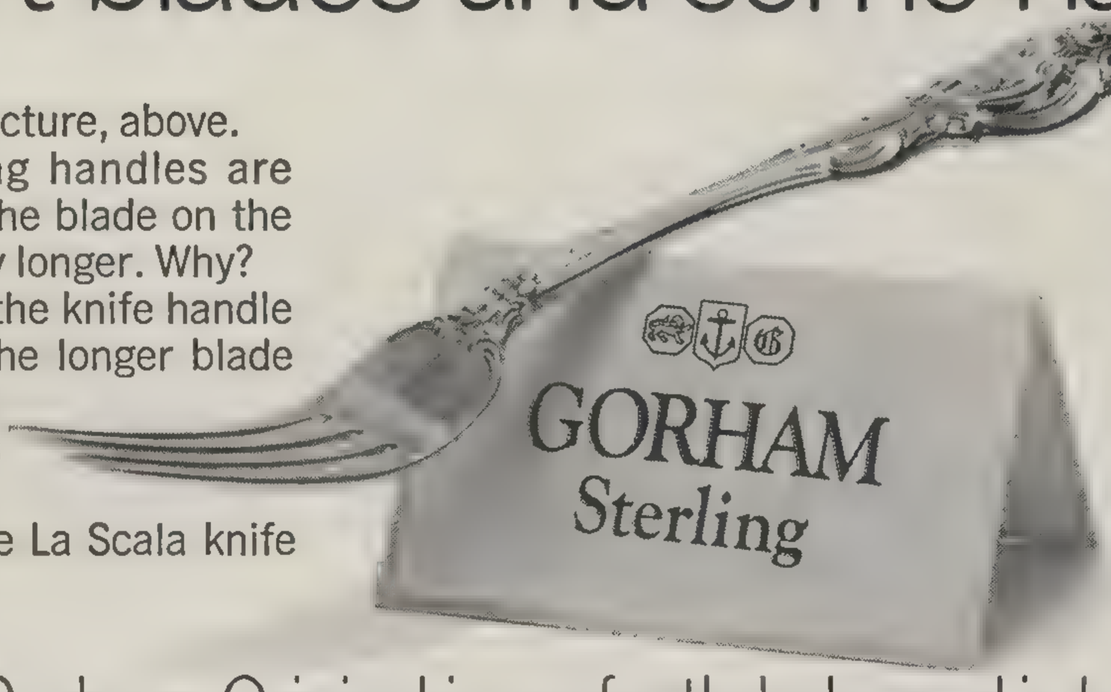
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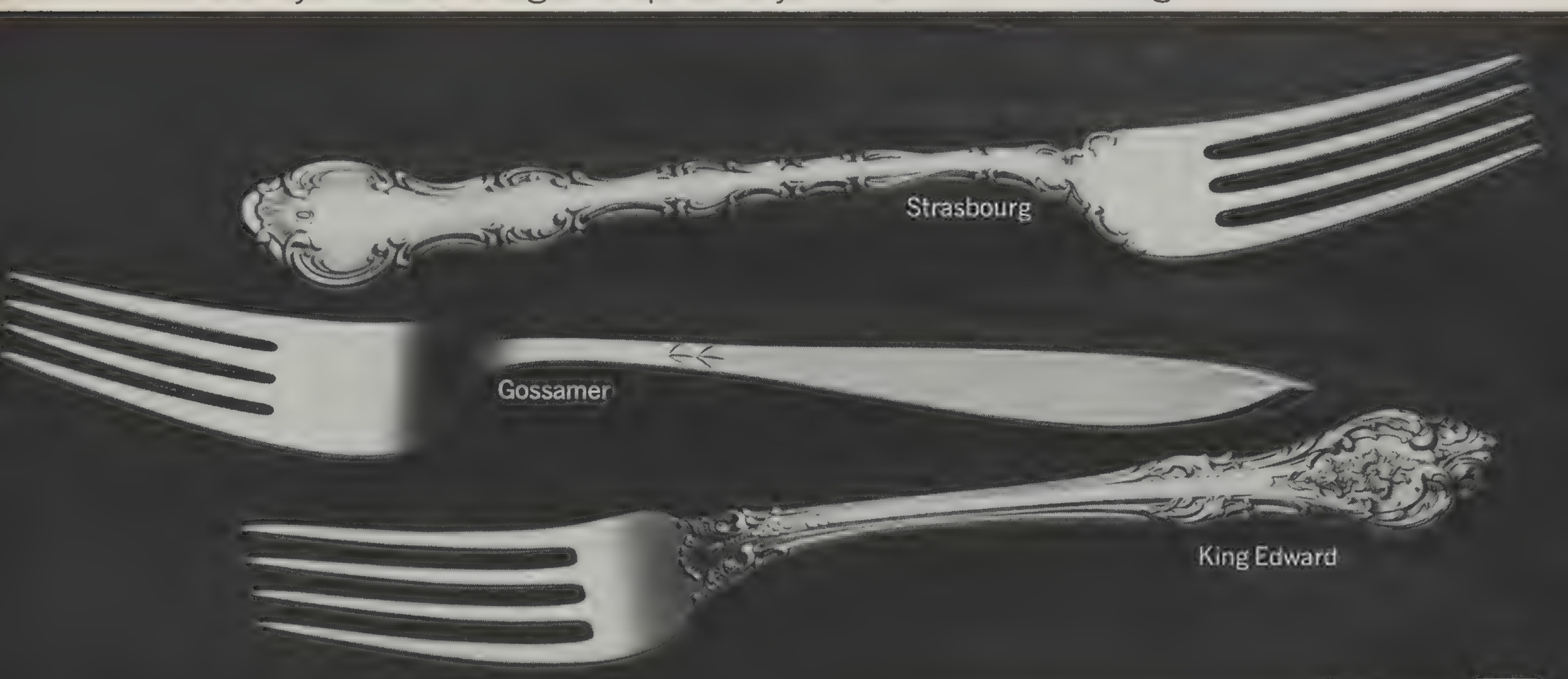
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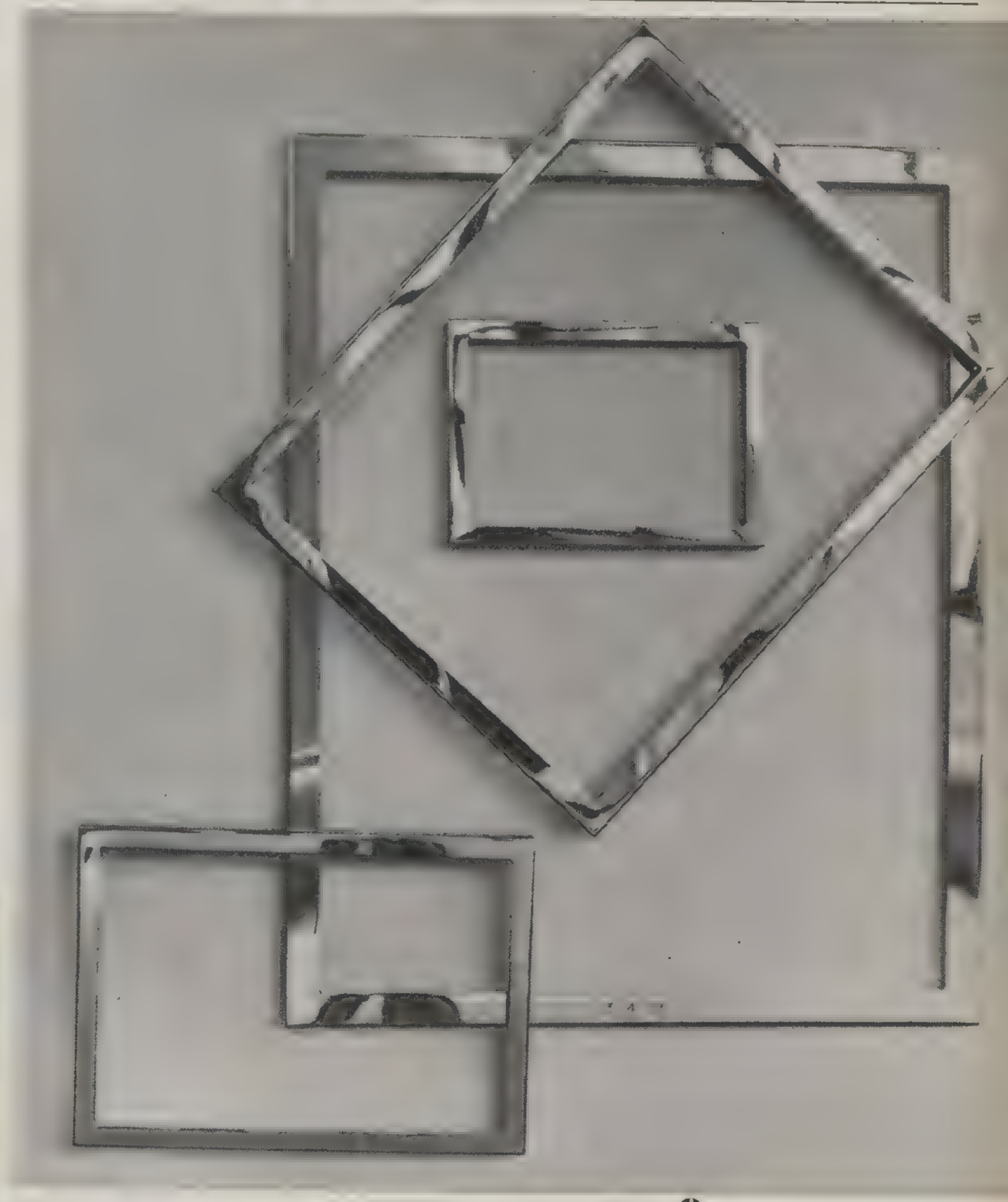
VOGUE'S DECORATING FINDS AND IDEAS FOR

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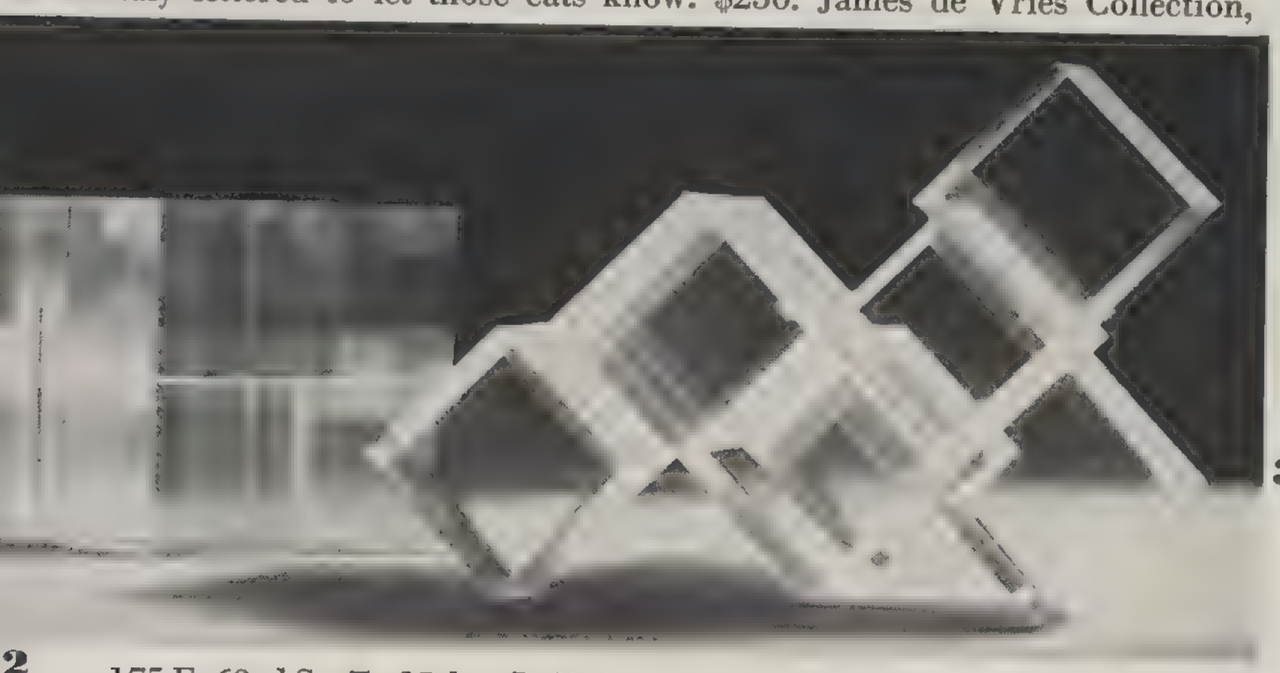
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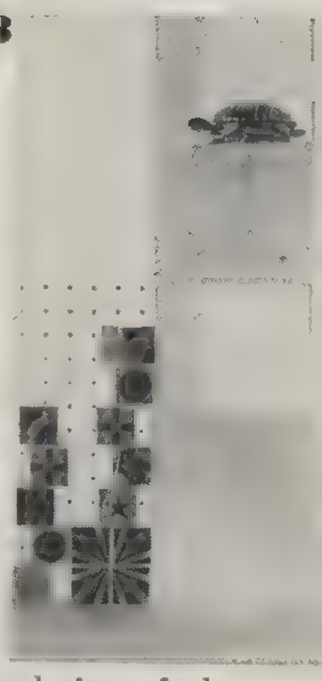
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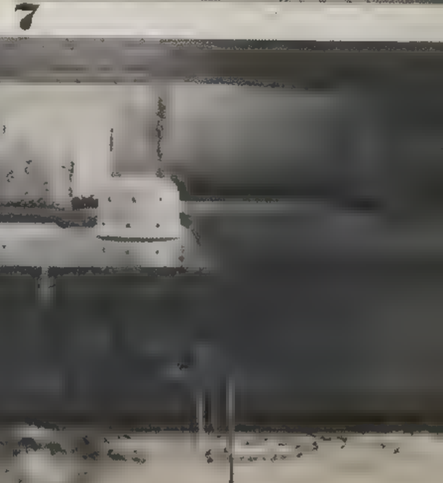
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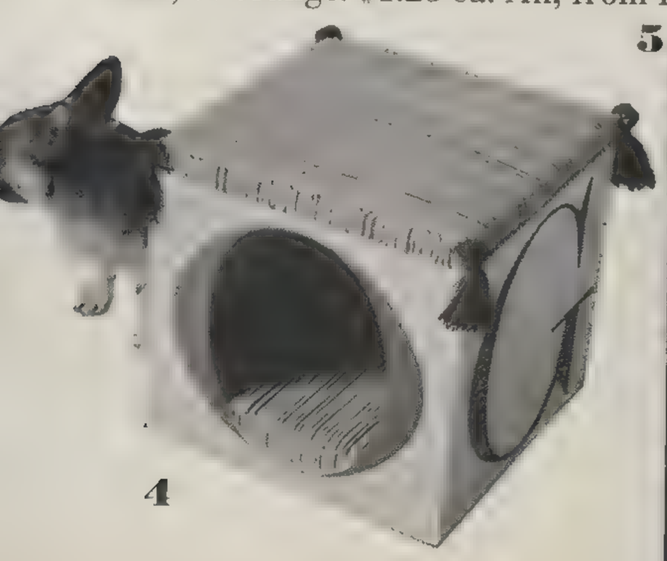
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MEN IN VOGUE

...NOTES, QUOTES, AND VOTES

Home for Christmas

It's when he comes home that a man confronts the problem of what to wear. Before six, an impeccably cut suit is beyond questioning. Much later, who can fault his pyjamas? The period between is the difficult one. Particularly so just now. Here: three solutions, ranging from major evening in or out to quietest dinner for two. At right, the ***superbly fitted dinner suit.*** A man's vade mecum, the dinner jacket is always correct, must always be well-made. The poor fit will stand out at a party like a midget among Guards Officers. Lord West made the smartest this winter. Double breasted, with lapels correctly horizontal, it's about $175 at De Pinna; Julius Garfinckel; Neiman-Marcus. With it, pure white linen and black silk papillon bow, $8.50. Bonwit Teller, N. Y. Below left, the idea of a ***silk dressing gown*** has an aristocratic, leisured cast to it. Notion carried to its fullest: Turnbull & Asser's heavy silk striped in cerulean and black, cuffs, broad lapels, and sash tie, solid cerulean. Final fillip: elaborate tassels of black and blue silk braid. With black tie, dinner trousers, ideal for dinners at home. Robe, at Bonwit Teller, N. Y. Below, softest scarlet wool, military in cut and floor-length; perfect for being "in for the evening." $50, Men's Shop at Bergdorf Goodman, N. Y. At the throat, sharp-coloured scarlet, orange, green, and beige scarf in soft wool by Glentex. $2.50 at Altman's. With any of these, ***the great evening shoe*** might be the one at top left. By Capezio, of crème de menthe, snuff, claret, or black velvet, grosgrain-bowed, it is $20 at Bonwit Teller, N. Y. The "home" for everything: the polished environs of interior designer Jay Spectre's Manhattan apartment.





DAVID MASSEY

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DECEMBER, 1968

VOGUE'S EYE VIEW:

the gift of magic



the metamorphosis of the Unicorn

..."She was naked and her skin was the colour of snow by moonlight. Fine tangled hair...came down to the small of her back...her eyes were as dark as the deep sea; and illuminated, like the sea, by strange glimmering creatures that never rise to the surface"—this transformation of legend's most beautiful creature into life's most beautiful form, as described by Peter Beagle in his book *The Last Unicorn*, is wrought of pure imagination: the magic gift of the mind. Throughout this issue of Vogue: more magic, more gifts....

RUBARTELLI



ECSTASY OF THE eye

BY ELIZABETH BOWEN

A dazzle of candles—a breath caught. The heart misses a beat: a moment, yet, too, an overflow into eternity. Rapture: What brought this rapture about? *What* has met the eye? What has leaped into view or, maybe, swum into sight slowly? A flamingo Venetian evening melting the lonely, glassy lagoons. . . . Rainbow mist cast off into sunshine by playing fountains. . . . The lofty and dusky light-lanced distances of the aisle within a cathedral or through a forest. . . . "The moon," says the poem, "doth with delight look round her when the heavens are bare" —so do we look round, moonlike, our landmarks nowhere, our small identities lost. First we are wholly startled, then wholly calm.

The eye's joy, and that joy's power. Denounced by the puritan. "Walk," *he* advocated, "with eyes cast down. See not; be not tempted to see!" In his frightened soul lay his error, and his tragedy. Heaven draws near us, in this visual universe. Beauty burns clean.

Delight in seeing may have an inverse: anguish. I remember how, one summer, a hedge of roses, sky-high almost, all in bloom all at once, faced out on to a village street—and more, faced (Continued on next page)

EYES OF THE mystic

The magnificent eyes of Saint Giuliano in moving communion with God, in a fragment of fresco found in Tuscany and painted by Piero della Francesca.

flame-on into the sunset. Cars drew to a stop, wandering passersby halted. There was stillness, a sense of satisfied glory. But also this: On the hedge hung an offertory box, with a placard above, which said, "Remember the Blind." . . . In through the slot tumbled our futile coins. The roses burned unbearably brighter, larger, as we turned away. *How* to make restitution? No means—on earth! . . . And, the beholding moment may bite with loneliness: Lovers should be its sharers, but lovers (it may happen) may be apart. Instead, a stranger is namelessly at your side. Stranger?—no longer, though not a word may have passed: A bond has been sealed, though in this wide, anonymous, crowded world your two paths are never to cross again.

Ecstasy means being swept upward: airborne. But one can not invoke that moment; it lies in wait, its arrivals are without reason. (One *can* stand stone-cold before a "beautiful" object.) Our travels are pilgrimages of hope; and, "Who knows?" we say, making ready for a party. Ecstasy's sources are *not* always ethereal: light, air, fire, and water. It takes off from chance revelations of human comeliness, human mystery—the turn of a head, a smile reflected fleetingly in a mirror, still more in water, a gesture at random, a figure's unknowing grace.

Most of all, there can be something visionary about happiness. In that instant nothing remains "ordinary." What had been everyday, familiar, stands out as though painted on glass with the sun behind. Then, therefore, wherever the eye lights there is delight. We have come to be like children at Christmas, and more than candles illuminates the tree.



PRIVATE COLLECTION, NEW YORK

EYES THROUGH Léger

"Beauty is the negation of pretty." Her eyes post his message in Fernand Léger's "Woman with Book," 1923.







EYES OF

The conquering, direct, and brilliant eyes of Catherine Deneuve, the star of the new film *The April Fools:* "I *read* that I am the most beautiful girl in the world, but I do not believe it."

Deneuve

Right:
The implacable Gothic eyes of a young French princess, one of the daughters of Saint Louis—detail of her extraordinary face from her thirteenth-century gilt-and-enamel tomb.

Far right:
The formidable Gothic eyes of young Prince Jean, son of Saint Louis—detail from his tomb. Gilt-and-enamel like his sister's.

Basilica.
Saint-Denis, France.

EYES OF THE Gothic



EYES OF THE Kites

The fierce artifice of eyes like a Kabuki warlord's and the cool enamelled eyes of his lady—on kites sold in ten-cent stores in Tokyo.



EYES OF THE Beatles

"We're learning to be, that's all."

Hunter Davies, author of the book *The Beatles*, quoted the four: Paul McCartney: "I'm the most conservative of the four of us. Not compared with outside people....The thing is, we're really all the same person."


John Lennon: "I'm never conscious of being a Beatle. Never. I'm just me."
AVEDON

EYES OF THE Beatles

Ringo Starr: "It'll be nice to be part of history, some sort of history anyway. What I'd like to be is in school history books and be read by kids."


George Harrison: "I'm beginning to know that all I know is that I know nothing."
AVEDON



EYES Crossed

The dislocated eyes in the painting "Two Sisters" by John D. Graham. *They* stretch the eyes that look at them, askewly draw them in.

DETAIL, PAINTING IN THE COLLECTION OF THE MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, NEW YORK

'White Innocence'



'Hari-ai-nin'

PEONIES

Their voracity for life
gives way to surrendering generosity
Photographed by Irving Penn

PEONIES

'Sea Shell'



'Angelus'

PENN

A GLORY OF PEONIES

BY ANTHONY WEST

Every May and June the peonies flower throughout the temperate zone that girdles the earth's northern hemisphere. The tight round buds at the heads of the muscular upward thrusting stems, which led Western botanists to suppose until recently that they were dealing with a superior member of the buttercup family, suddenly swell as spring turns into summer, and as suddenly the plant's character changes—its almost athletic hardness, its animal voracity for life gives way to a yielding softness and self-surrendering generosity. The almost metallic, armour-like sheathing of the buds breaks open as the plant abandons its upward thrust and spreads itself outward, assuming a bushy rounded form, and the exquisitely fragile masses of exquisitely soft petals burst out of their containers to float like clouds over the dark-green sea of leaves below them.

Their beauty is contradictory, like that of moonlight, since its essence is a lightness that possesses enormous weight. It imposes a stillness and calm on gardens in which peonies are flowering, and on rooms in which bunches of them have been placed, just as the burden of moonlight presses silence on fields and gardens and turns minutes into hours—a correspondence played within the haiku by the nineteenth-century Japanese poet Shiki in the line that says, "the weight of the moonlight struck the peony and it fell apart." One is meant to see the great white flower, perhaps ten inches across, solid as sculpture, floating in the shelter of a dark shadow while the moonlight creeps towards it across a lawn of grass or raked sand: the flood of silver-grey light pours down upon it and it crumbles instantly into a drift of scattered petals. (Continued on page 276)



'Tempest'





Barbra Streisand *of "Hello, Dolly!"*

A diabolist, she is touchingly comic and deceptively, irresistibly beautiful

Barbra Streisand knows the blush of success. After the release of her first movie, *Funny Girl*, she is savouring the pleasures of movie stardom. Now, relaxed, engagingly full of diablerie, bite, and confidence, she shows her fresh quality in a variety of moods and deliciousness in the photographs on these pages and the next two, all taken when she was on location for her next film, *Hello, Dolly!* With a small dog at her feet, she uses Dolly's romantic brimmed hat to shade her baby, Jason Gould.

DAVID BAILEY




Barbra
Streisand
With a double
octave range,
she moves in
moods in her
newest movie,
"Hello, Dolly!"



There yet lurks an elusive something in the innermost idea of the hue, which strikes more of panic to the soul than that redness which affrights in blood," wrote Herman Melville of the whiteness of the whale in *Moby Dick*. That albino sperm whale was a freak.

The whales on these four pages are beluga whales, friendly, harmless, quick to learn, more closely aligned with dolphins than with other whales. The small deep eye and long faintly curving mouth, shown here, give a look of gentle mischief. Calved a dark caviar grey, they become white as they mature in Arctic waters where their snow colour is protective, as it is for polar bears or ermine. Fishermen called the belugas sea canaries, for they signal in ultrasonic crackings and chirpings.

Yet something about these pleasant creatures strikes terror. The whiteness, the eerie, milky whiteness stretches over a mammal possibly seventeen feet long, at once beautiful and strange. "Symbolize whatever grand or gracious thing he will by whiteness," Melville wrote, "no man can deny that in its profoundest idealized significance it calls up a peculiar apparition to the soul."

The Mystic White of Whales

PHOTOGRAPHED BY SNOWDON









SHANTA RAO

"INDIA'S MYSTERIOUS DANCER-GENIUS"

PHOTOGRAPHED IN INDIA
BY ARNAUD DE ROSNAY

"Hands must be like the movements of fishes swimming in pools, the walk must be like the gliding of the swan, the body must be held like a horse about to leap,... and the feeling of the dance must be like the ecstasy of the peacock...."

SHASTRAIC TEXT

In mudras, *the language of the hands, Shanta Rao may tell, left, of the adorable child, the god Krishna playing his flute, or, above, of languidly listening for her lover's approach.*



"Where the hand goes, the eye follows.
Where the eye goes, the mind follows.
Where the mind goes, the heart follows,
And thus is borne expression." SANSKRIT MAXIM

Signals of Shanta Rao's life of training: above, the flag hand, pataka hasta, *as basic to hand gestures as the gesture at the right is to the foot. From the eye, through the most rigorous exercise, comes the expression of the heart.*

DE ROSNAY



"The Dance of the Divine Seductress" in the twelfth-century temple of Halebid in India

In the temple where Queen Santala performed three hundred years ago, this page, Shanta Rao danced in the Mohini Attam style of the Malabar Coast where she was born. Far right: Putting on a nose ring, she shapes the hamsasya hasta, *swan hand.*

DE ROSNAY

In India, the dance: Beauty in discipline, passion in tradition

By Faubion Bowers



Part mime, part sign language, and altogether exacting, Indian dance employs hand and facial expressions as informative as a dictionary—one in which gesture has many meanings. In mudras, *the language of hands, precisely what Shanta Rao's strong, supple hands tell depends on the context of the song or story she may be dancing. In these photographs, left, from top to bottom, her hands may describe, in the first photograph, tying a necklace, or links in a chain, or two flowers, or beating cymbals; second, a woman, or graceful person, or a parrot resting on a perch; third, the god Shiva in phallic form riding his mount, Bull Nandi; fourth, lifting up a mountain, or a benediction to a woman.*

Right: In abhinaya, *the art of facial expression, Shanta Rao's glowing eyes describe, first, indignant anger or reprisal; second, delicious or sensuous anticipation; third, satisfaction—a look focused on something she likes; fourth, a look startled but not angry; fifth, a shy girl's complete acceptance. In this sequence these glances might say : "You didn't come; I was angry. Thinking about you, I remembered how pleasant it was. You came near, and I was startled. But when I saw you, I was yours."*

DE ROSNAY



Stefan George once wrote a marvellous little poem about a strange, unknowable woman, which begins *"Sie kam allein aus fernen Gauen . . ."* (she came alone from foreign lands), and I never think of India's most endlessly glamorous, maddeningly mysterious dancer-genius, Shanta Rao, without recollecting this poem.

Even her name tells us nothing. "Shanta" is as common as mustard seeds and almost every other girl is called it. "Rao" is not a family name, only an appendage about as informative as a spangle caste mark or beauty spot on the forehead. Rao belongs to twenty million Indians (look in any local telephone directory), and it indicates that the bearer is probably from the south and of Brahman caste. In that vastly overpopulated, milling, teeming tropical part of the world, two more anonymous names than "Shanta" and "Rao" could scarcely be devised. For a time she danced even more obscurely as "Srimathi Shanta" or Miss Shanta.

Few people know where Shanta Rao comes from, where she was born, or when. Her official publicity throwaway skirts the issue and in utterly undocumented fashion states, "She was born to wealth, comfort, and a conservative life. . . ." When the photographer Arnaud de Rosnay asked Shanta for the story of her life, she looked blank. "Is it a story?" she asked and switched the conversation to dancing. Another time, a journalist asked her about her childhood, how she grew up. "Was I ever a child?" she asked back in mock dismay.

No, I suppose Shanta was never a child any more than she can ever become an old woman. Like a comet you do not see until it is there and can not imagine the sky without until it vanishes into nowhere, Shanta, for our

One of India's greatest dancers, Shanta Rao pursues the impossible: perfection

brief yesterday, today, and tomorrow, illuminates her sky and brightens our universe. Some fire burns within her and it keeps her blindingly radiant and fierily alive and, expectedly, controversial.

Shanta burst upon the dance scene in India vividly and exotically. She sent her wild arms out into the air like orbiting rockets. Her leaps were flamethrowers of movement against fusillades of rhythmic drumbeats. Her gestures pushed here, thrust there like celestial pistons. Her ebony hair and burning coal eyes added to her matchless beauty, and never had India seen such capacious dancing. "She dances as if she owned space," one observer wrote. Out from the temple's tiny inner sanctum and onto the stage, at last, had come this ancient dance art. Shanta made it outsize, as if the world could now see it under some enormous magnifying glass.

When Shanta made one of her early appearances in 1963 in New York (under the aegis of the Asia Society's Performing Arts Program) that perceptive dance critic Allen Hughes, wrote, ". . . as dynamic a stage personality as ever trod the boards in theatres east or west and she has as much physical energy as personality. . . . This means the average American will be more apt to remember *her* than her dance." Ten years earlier in London the *Dance and Dancers* reviewer noted that she was an "incredible technician, much stronger and more forceful than any Indian dancer previously seen." At this same time when Shanta was dancing there under the high patronage of Mme. Pandit, then India's High Commissioner, and Yehudi Menuhin, Arnold Haskell, the dance authority and critic for *Dancing Times,* wrote, "I am no expert, but thank goodness I can recognize beauty when I see it." Meanwhile, this most admired—and sometimes most disliked—of dancers continued to rise in virtuosic command at home. Abroad, she has become one of India's hard-currency earner exports, like sitars and yogis. She will tour the United States in 1969.

Shanta's dance is her life and so, piecing together bits and fragments, fugitive fact, and persistent rumour, we arrive at some sketch of her "story." She was born *probably* in Mangalore, a sleepy little port town at the top of the romantic Malabar coast in the province of Mysore. This was perhaps forty or more years ago, but Mangalore has little changed. Coconut palms. The oily soap smell of desiccating copra. Blazing sunshine that, having purified the day, leaves an after-resonance of heat at night that makes flowers overwhelmingly perfumed. Like Shanta's own heady and opiate personality, the *rad ki rani* ("Queen of the Night"), a redolent, tiny-budded jasmine, exudes its fragrance as the day ends and the time for entertainment in the evening begins . . . with dancing.

A note of the bizarre entered the biography. Shanta was no longer at home. She left the Fellowship School in Bombay. She did not write her parents, as she could not write Konkani, their language, and they could not read English, by then her language. It was odd enough for an Indian girl to "go away" to school. It was inconceivable for a girl to run away from anywhere. Where could she go in that land of suttee, brothel cages with bars, thugs (the word is Indian), and railway carriages marked protectively "For Ladies Only"? There, the supreme tragedy was to be a woman alone. Shanta, like many of her compatriots, rebelled against this system by assuming an aura of manhood. Her dancing is strong and forceful—*tandava*—instead of *lasya*—willowy, fragile, clinging. But only Shanta actually ran away.

We are handed another piece of the puzzle. It is good and generous. Shanta was twelve years old and studying painting in Bangalore. A Mrs. Stan Harding found her. India in those days before Independence abounded with Englishwomen. Some were simply dreadful, some in between, and a few really helpful. There was a certain Miss Tenant who, among other damaging abilities, managed to launch an anti-nautch movement and get Indian dance banned on moral grounds . . . a blow to an already time-beleaguered art: It took years to reinstate dance. Mrs. Harding, however, was an angel of the dance. She perceived Shanta's passionate—at the time, almost perverse—longing to dance and approved. Becoming the first in a long line of adoring patronesses (the list reads like a celebrity roster), she took young Shanta back to Malabar, not home, but to the central coast where the great and respected poet Vallathol had just begun a school to revive the waning dance-drama art form Kathakali. The year was 1939, one of the few official records in Shanta's life.

At first the school refused. Kathakali had been traditionally for men only. These all-night, all-male pageants of religious stories have dancer-actors who never speak but perpetually talk in sign language, restlessly moving and shaping their fingers and hands. They leap high in the air and land thuddingly in half splits. The elaborate makeups grotesquely obliterate the face with reds, greens, and black streaks, and with frills of white paper pasted on the cheeks. What place would Shanta have, especially since all the women's rôles were taken by trained young men? Shanta pleaded that she wanted to learn the technique, she wanted to dance, no matter what. Vallathol yielded to her persistence (and Mrs. Harding's prestige). His condition was that she would be treated exactly as the other students were. He never regretted his exception, and later he composed a special dance for her alone.

The basic treatise on Indian dance written about twenty centuries ago, on which today's dance continues to be based, sets forth clear rules: "Hands must be like the movements of fishes swimming in pools, the walk must be like the gliding of the swan, the body must be held like a horse about to leap, all the body, the hands and arms too must have the suppleness of silk, and the feeling of the dance must be like the ecstasy of the peacock as he dances before his mate at sunset." The Shastraic text also deals in specifics: nine different movements of the head, nine for the neck, six movements of the nose, the cheeks, and the lips, four types of colouration of the face (naturally induced, like blushing or blanching); horripilation; perspiring; and producing tears. Nothing however, is more important to India's dance than the eyes. There are eight different looks, such as anger or love; eight movements of the eyelids; seven of the eyebrow; and nine movements of the eyeball. Here Shanta's training began.

Along with the others Shanta was awakened at two-thirty in the morning to sit around the fire doing eye exercises. Try some of these for yourself, and see how well you can divorce your eyes from the eyelids. Open the eyes wide. Now, slowly raise them as high in their sockets as you can, until the iris disappears under the upper lid. Now, still keeping the eyelids dilated, lower your eyes, until they look like two suns sinking in distant horizons. Another exercise that is essential requires you to stand facing the wall (in order to see nothing). Slowly move your eyes from the farthest right to the farthest left, taking thirty seconds to (Continued on page 281)

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT...

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . The scurry of plans for the new Administration. . . . The calling in of some promissory notes. . . . *Heaven and Hell in Western Art* by Robert Hughes whose book, fat with illustrations, is especially fascinating on mediaeval monsters which sometimes had political significance, particularly a Siamese pig born in Germany in 1490 with two bodies, eight legs, and one head, the pig's birth noted by the Emperor Maximilian and recorded by Albrecht Dürer in an engraving.

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . The performances of the touring Living Theatre that combine in unequal quantities brilliance and boredom, the cast physically unattractive, strident, usually aggressively baiting the audience, with neither opponent long on logic but both sides achieving an experience. . . . "Fire," a brief record that blazes with a small bonfire, sung by Arthur Brown, a pale young Englishman who has touched the ears of the young in the U.S. and in Britain. . . . The one hundred Wellesley College students who are taking the computer course, learning how to program digital computers and how to develop and use computer systems in scientific and non-scientific ways. . . . *Beyond the Law,* a harsh, unfocused, raw, and amateur movie about crooks, victims, and cops in a New York police station, directed by Norman Mailer and Buzz Farbar with Mailer as a rotten police lieutenant, proving that dramatic journalism rather than acting is his beat—the police in this film totally unlike those who live in such television shows as *Felony Squad* and *Dragnet.*

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . The remarkable exhibition of paintings by the forty-year-old Austrian painter Friedrich Hundertwasser who changed his name from Stowasser and who protests against buildings he dislikes by standing in front of them naked—his show, organized by the University of California, Berkeley, is now touring Western museums, giving many a first view of the unmistakable Hundertwasser work which looks at times like a disturbed but attractive marriage between Klee and Feininger. . . . *Maggie Flynn,* a haggis of a musical comedy that would have heartened Sam S. Shubert, a prolific producer who died in 1905. . . . *A Flea in Her Ear,* Feydeau's originally delicious and tangled farce, which has been filmed as though it were The Bull in the China Shop; two elements of farce survive—Rex Harrison trying to play a Frenchman and the fact that the film was meant to be funny.

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . *Vibrations* by David Amram who has written a notably candid book with style and bounding sense about his experiences as a French-horn player, a serious composer of chamber music, opera, with some excursions into jazz, the whole making for a rushing, rackety life. . . . *Switched-on-Bach,* a new Columbia record of ten works by Bach, performed by Walter Carlos on a special Moog Synthesizer, the electronic sound soulless but surprisingly crisp in the three two-part inventions. . . . Mia Farrow's near monopoly on Deliberate Vulnerability, defined, cultivated, and finally cornered in her edgy, nervous, and often glittering performance in *Secret Ceremony,* Joseph Losey's spooky, shadowy, and pretentious new film in which Elizabeth Taylor frowzily plays a sometime prostitute turned mother substitute. . . . In London, the cool, memorable, ordered, odd, and obsessive paintings by Balthus at the Tate Gallery. . . . The show *Hair* which the London *Sunday Times* called "rather an old rocker's night."

MRS. ARISTOTLE SOCRATES ONASSIS

The announcement of her marriage to Mr. Onassis, an international figure of power—granitic, laughing, adamant—came as a fist blow to her public all over the world who have been supremely happy on the lovely myths they devised for themselves. The actual woman is far better—delectable, determined, emotional, strongly beautiful, questing. She can again be herself, eager to exult, prepared for exaltation, living in her natural element of vital excitement.



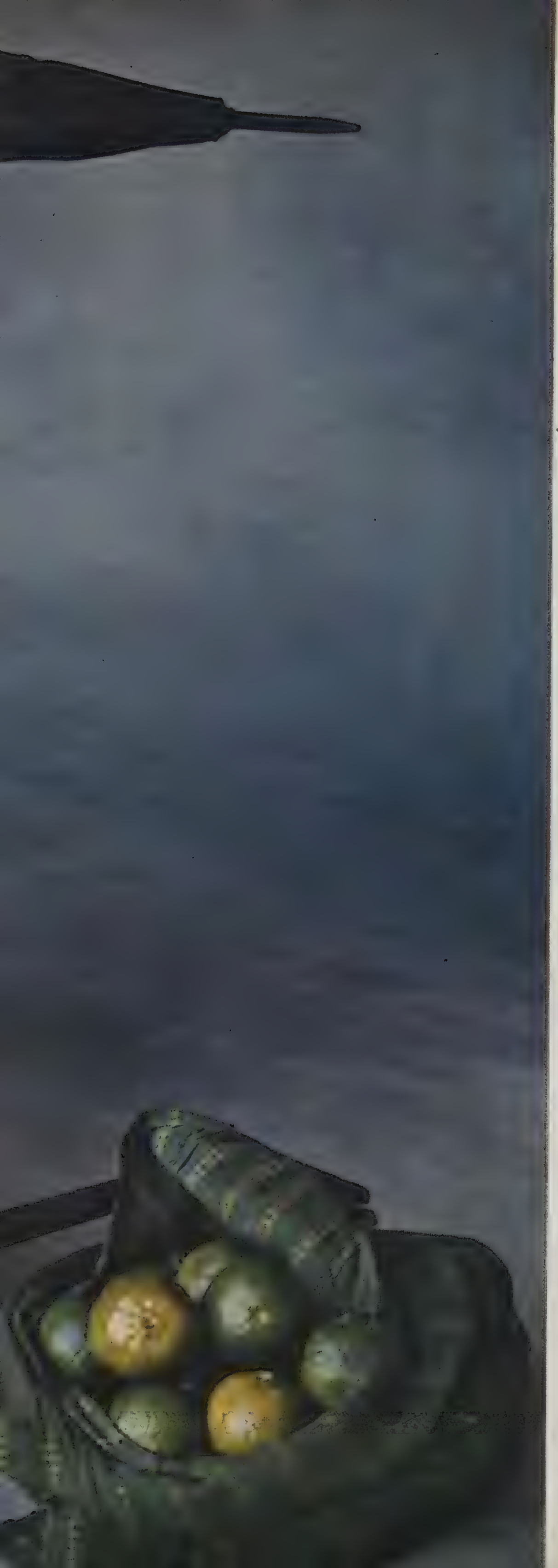


THE ONASSIS FLOATING COUNTRY

No one has a yacht like the "Christina," once a Canadian frigate, now white, fast, efficient, and beautiful. On it Aristotle Onassis keeps some of his treasures afloat—his extraordinary new wife, his eighteen-year-old daughter Christina, and an El Greco, "Madonna Supported by an Angel," which hangs over his desk in the teak-panelled study. Far left: *From this desk Mr. Onassis controls an enormous empire, partly from the elaborate communications centre and the forty-odd telephones on the "Christina." (He also has on board five boats, an automobile, a completely equipped operating room, and a seaplane.)* Near left: *Christina Onassis at the mosaic swimming pool with its fountains and its Cretan designs, including a copy of the Toreador Fresco from Knossos.*

PATRICK LICHFIELD





A PHOTOGRAPHIC ESSAY
BY IRVING PENN

Nepal

COMPLICATED, MAGICAL

BY MARY ROBLEE HENRY

Red—the mother colour—symbol of life and blood, counts as a good omen and is the favoured colour of the women of Nepal. It is also an emblem of happiness and prosperity. Indeed, the whole range of reds—scarlet, crimson, vermilion, and pink—with all their variations is preferred in dress, design, and decoration. The national colour, the national flower, and the national flag are all red. The red flag interweaves the sun and the moon, portraying the agricultural and the family cycles of Nepali life.

Remote, magical, a kingdom in the Himalayas, Nepal seems an ornament on the world, clipped in precarious splendour between the massive bulks of India and China. Perhaps Nepal seems magical because it was, by legend, created by magic when, aeons ago, the Bodhisattva Manjusri came from China to cleave the mountains with his sword "Moonsmile."

Although Nepal is walled from Tibet by the most abrupt and gigantic mountains in the world, its mountains, surprisingly, dip down to dense jungles alive with tigers. Between the peaks and the depths lies a sequence of undulating sub-tropical valleys where rivers rush through stubbled rice paddies and hill towns float in the dawn's mist like Chinese cloud paintings. Forbidden to outlanders from the West until eighteen years ago, Nepal retains a unique innocence, untouched, mediaeval, wondrous. In Nepal, the king, H. M. Mahendra Bir Bikram Shah Dev, is a god-king bearing the titles of Incarnation of Vishnu, King of Kings, The Five Times Godly, Valorous Warrior, and Divine Emperor. There is purity in the sheen of golden stupas and winged pagodas, of garish images of gods and goddesses worshipped with blood and song and flowers in a flow of festivals. (Continued on page 234)

NOBLE IN AGE,
A MARKET WOMAN OF POKHARA,
glinting in jewels, with one pineapple,
a cluster of green oranges, and, head-borne, her umbrella,
protection against the monsoon or the Himalayan sun.





FLASHED IN GOLD: TWO CHHETRI WOMEN OF NEPAL

They wear nose ringlets, jewels in their nostrils, and ear pendants. Their marriage symbols: the pote, looped strands of brilliant beads; and the tika, a marking on the forehead, often a circle of vermilion, sometimes a disc of gold.



NEPAL

During Dasain, fifteen days of celebration, the women dazzle in reds and purples and pinks, their brilliant saris and ornaments worn according to the complicated patterns of their regions and castes. Everyone carries a bouquet of marigolds; everyone wears the *tika,* a forehead marking of rice and curd and vermilion powder. During these October holy days, people bathe in sacred rivers and boys fly box kites. In the capital city of Katmandu, Gurkha soldiers slash heads off bullocks at one fell swoop with the *khukuri* knife. The deep song of temple bells rolls above the baas of black kids and baby lambs being led by small boys to the sacrificial fonts. Everywhere there is the pungent scent of blood spilled on temples and family shrines, spattered on the hoods of cars to prevent accidents, and spread with petals of marigolds. This is a happy celebration of victory, with processions and families feasting on little black goats, a time when the people decorate their beautifully carved houses and wash them with *rato mato,* the ochre-coloured clay that gives them the burnt-orange look of a *mas* in Provence.

"People believe that the household in which a woman smiles prospers, and in fact she is often referred to as Griha Laxmi, goddess of the house," wrote the Nepalese anthropologist, Dor Bahadur Bista. "Except for the sacrificing to the gods, most of the responsibility for family life falls upon the women of Nepal. Only men kill animals. (Continued on page 236)

TWO WOMEN IN POKHARA

They wear bodices of velvet; their ear ornaments: dhungri, *rosettes; cascades of rings. A sign of wealth, the keys worn by the woman on the right unlock her chests of saris and adornments.*

A MATRIARCH AND CHILD IN PATAN

holding rupees to spend in templed bazaars. The girl wears a gold phuli, *nose button; the woman, a* bulakhi, *nose ring.*



NEPAL

Woman is considered the preserver of life, while man is sometimes seen as a destroyer. Most Nepali women abstain even from breaking an egg, because it contains a potentially living embryo. Men keep their wives happy by giving them clothes and jewellery. Often the entire family savings are worn by the woman of the house, as costly ornaments, gold nose rings and earrings, and silver necklaces and medallions. The little dangling keys attached to the bodice are the evidence of wealth controlled by the wearer.

"There are certain ornaments which only a married woman may wear, given her only by her husband. The vermilion powder worn by the married women in the parting of their hair is sacred, the symbol of marriage, placed by the groom on the bride's hair during the wedding ceremony. The dust of this vermilion is kept by most Nepali wives for the rest of their lives. If the husband dies first, his wife throws the powder into the funeral pyre to burn with the body. A widow can not wear red for the remainder of her life.

"The tradition of a groom's putting the vermilion on the parting of his bride's hair is so strong that problems sometimes arise. Some daring and desperate young lover might forcibly throw the red powder on the head of a girl he fancies as she walks down the street or even during the wedding, before the groom has had a chance to do so. In this way, he may claim a prior right to the girl as his bride. For this reason, many women are careful to cover their heads. Many women also believe in witchcraft and the evil eye that can affect their heads in an unpredictable and destructive manner. (Continued on page 238)

YOUNG WOMEN OF NEPAL, *their eyes traced in the alluring, curing soot of oil lamps, their wrists banded in bright glass bangles.*



NEPAL

"In addition to vermilion powder, the groom must present his bride with a necklace of small glass beads, *pote*, to which a gold ornament, *tilahari*, is attached. The red *tika* on her forehead can be the gift of her husband or, if she's not married, simply an ornament. Another mark of married women is the red sari and red bodice given at marriage by the groom. However, since red is the favourite colour of most Nepali women, unmarried girls are not barred from wearing it.

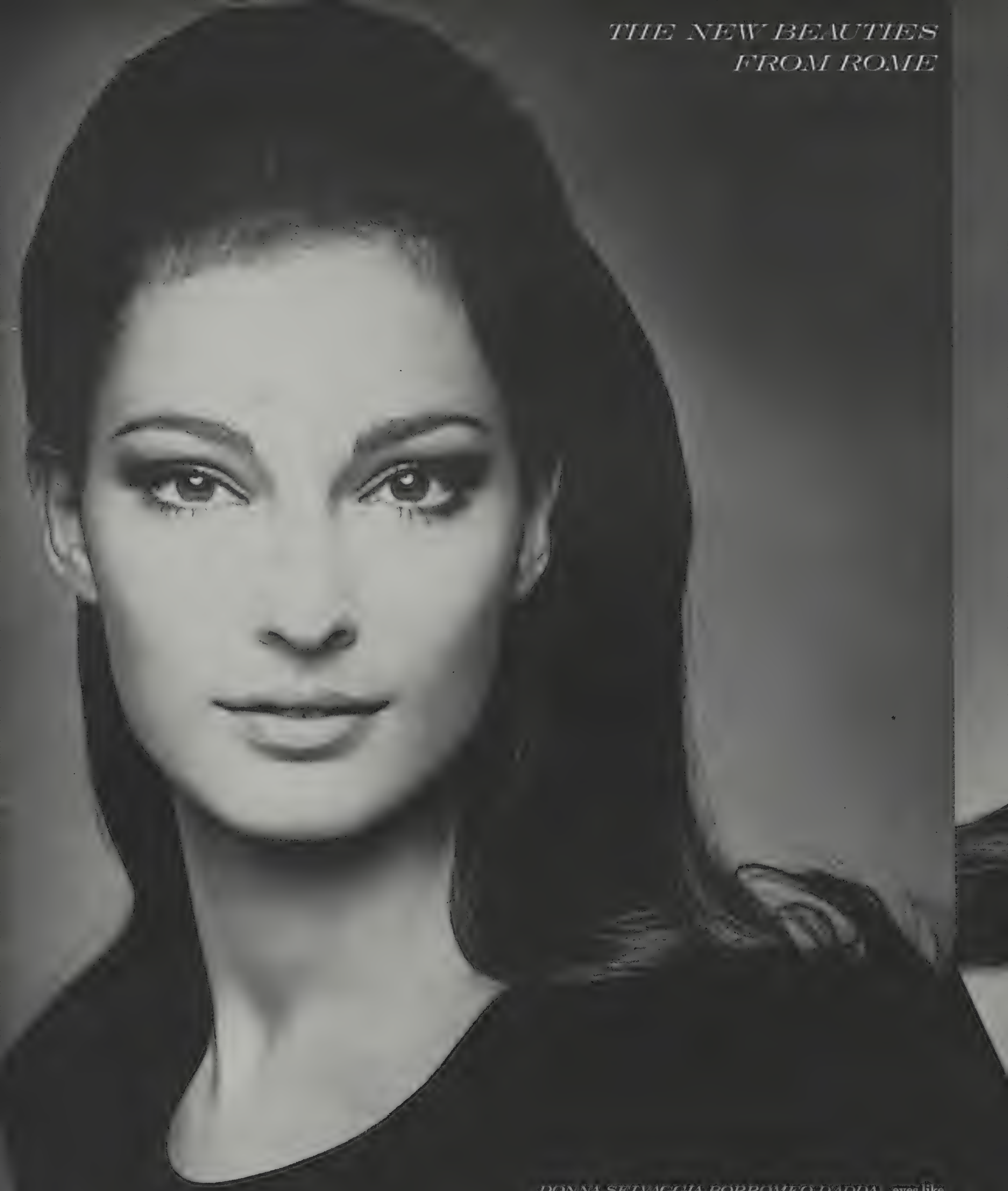
"Nepali women enjoy more freedom and bear more responsibility than do the women of India. With few exceptions the women are the true guardians of the values and the culture of the nation. The family hearth in their care becomes the centre of the household for it brings together not only the living members of the clan, but also the dead. Ancestors are symbolically present in the family kitchen every morning and evening. Women cook both the morning and the evening meals and feed everybody in the family before they eat whatever is left. As the hearth is the centre of the family household, so the family is the heart of the society. In most regions, married women must wait until they have one or more children before becoming potential (Continued on page 286)

THREE BRAHMAN SISTERS *As married women, they have powdered vermilion in the partings of their hair, wear the sari significant of their high caste. The brides of three brothers, they live in a hill town sloped toward the great fishtail mountain, Machhapuchhare.*

A HOLY MAN OF NEPAL *His crown and necklace of* rudrakshyor *beads mark him as a devotee of the Lord Shiva. A high-caste Nepalese who has renounced the worldly life in favour of asceticism, he wanders the countryside with his alms bowl and mendicant's bell.*



THE NEW BEAUTIES FROM ROME



DONNA SELVAGGIA BORROMEO D'ADDA eyes like jet-bright jewels, deep-set and tilted under dark arched brows. The daughter of Conte and Contessa Manolo Borromeo d'Adda, she will take a Master's degree in literature this year; is also a promising young sculptor.

PILAR CRESPI, seventeen-year-old daughter of Conte and Contessa Rodolfo Crespi: all line and dash, wonder and merriment; loves rock and soul records, Proust and Verlaine, skiing and studying Portuguese . . . she has the gift of enjoyment.

Fashion at the Zenith of the Sun

28 pages photographed in Mexico by Henry Clarke

SERPENTS: a snaky headbraid of gilt and jewels . . . slithering Aztec twists along the arm . . . golden garter snakes about the leg—the jewel of the year, here in a sun world basking in sun myth. Where the Serpent—dire and deified—reigned from earliest times, shaping a whole empire's destiny at one vengeful flick of his tail. For this is the land where Quetzalcóatl, the Plumed Serpent born of a northern Indian chief and a southern Indian girl, stretches out his languorous coils the length of Mexico's legendary past, plaiting a single ominous fable through Mayan, Toltec, and Aztec lore . . . the length and breadth of the fabulous kingdom from which Quetzalcóatl was banished by blood-thirsting Toltec gods and which, with poetic justice, he was later to claim as his own, arriving from the east in human form on the thirteenth day of the Serpent in the Year of One Reed, just as the Aztecs' awesome god, Huitzilopochtli, had prophesied: the very day, ironically, of Cortés's landing on Mexican shores where the Spanish explorer was received with the lavish tribute due an unpropitiated god. Still magnificent in the sun-drenched Mexico of today, the great carved head of the Plumed Serpent bares its fangs, *right*, high on a Mayan temple ledge overlooking Chichén Itzá's ancient Ball Court where losers forfeited their lives and winners carried off the widows among the spoils. Coiffures, these pages, by Suga of Kenneth. Details on the serpent jewels, next to last page of this issue.





TRANSPARENT EVENINGS
CHIFFON PULLOVER AND
PANTS, SARI-JUMP SUIT

In fuchsia chiffon, pullover and pants, *left*, drift down past fingers, hips, feet — veiling the body in nothing but colour and the easy languor of sun-lulled nights. By Adolfo. Photographed against the wall-to-wall sunlight of Uxmal in Yucatán. Shimmering ivory-and-gold cloth, *right*, scatters an occasional sari motif over the body and a luminous transparence from neck to foot. Jump suit by Christian Dior-New York. In the background, the bold carved walls of the Temple of Warriors in Chichén Itzá, Yucatán. Fashion details, on the next to the last page of this issue.

HENRY CLARKE



EVENING TRANSPARENCIES—
THE BELTED SHIRTDRESS, S
SARI-SILK PYJAMAS

Nude pale, nude sheer, *left*,
and as discreetly covering as a length
of men's shirting—the open-throated
shirtdress makes light of tradition
with jewel-blazed transparency.
Short evening dress by Harold Levine,
in cigaline. In the background
the massive Temple of the Rain God rises
against the pale skies of Kabah, Yucatán.
Sari silk, *right*, giving off an opaque
moonstone glow, rings the bosom and
trousers the leg beneath a translucent
flow of toga. Pyjamas, flecked with
sari-gold, by Murray Nieman for Hannah
Troy. Photographed on the sunset-gold
heights of Chichén Itzá's Warrior Temple
in Yucatan. Fashion details,
on the next to the last page of this issue.

PAINTED FURS—
SLEEVELESS OVER PANTS

The mountain herd is sent, steeped in marvellous patterns of colour, scales unrolled peaks of luxury—an extravagant blur of reds, blues and yellows drenching shaggy white Mongolian lamb, *right*, and a vibrant Parisian garden painted on sheared white rabbit, *far right*, two sensational flings of fur over silk crêpe tunics and pants. Both designed by Fernando Sanchez for Revillon in fur painted by Brossin de Mere.

Towering over Uxmal in Yucatán, the Pyramid el Castillo del Adivino walls the background of both pages, with a far glimpse of the Quadrangle of the Nuns.

Fashion details on the next to last page of this issue.



BELTED TUNIC OVER PANTS—
JEWELS ALL AROUND

Tribal purple *above*—for a dazzling evening, a jewel-belted tunic and pants of doubled silk organza with wide embroidered bands of red and gilt. Slit to the waist, festooned with narrow chains. By Deanna Littell.

A blaze of flowers, *opposite*, printed in flamboyant colours on a silk organza tunic over a jump suit of avocado silk. Belted in gilt, turquoise, and jade stones. By Chester Weinberg, print by Brossin de Mere. Both photographed at the reconstructed antiquity of Monte Albán, in the state of Oaxaca.

Fashion details, next to last page of this issue.



LITTLE EVENING SEPARATES—
TRANSPARENCY AND THE PAILLETTED
KILT, SHIRT-TUNIC AND PANTS

Sheer plus shine, *this page*: transparent tailored shirt of purple voile and a pailletted silver kilt reflecting silver sandals like a gladiator's, reflecting sunshine in the Yucatan Temple of the Rain God. By Gmori. Indian tie-in-print, *right*: brown-on-ivory tunic, ivory-on-brown pants—scarf-sashed Paisley silk on silk, rings on every finger. By Bill Blass for Maurice Rentner. Locale: carved-stone Temple of the Dancers in Monte Alban, Oaxaca. Fashion details, next to last page of issue





CLEAR OUT OF THE LINENY BLUE—THE TUNICS

Belted tunic over pants, *left,*
covered within an inch of throat,
wrist, foot, in lineny cloth
as blue as the sky.
Patch-pocket tunic on its own, *below,*
with shirt buttons, shirt sleeves,
and shirting tucks squaring away
each pocket. Both tunic
turnouts by B. H. Wragge, in
Fibranne. And both photographed
before the great stone Atlantes
that guard Tula's plateau heights.
Fashion details, the next to
last page of this issue.

HENRY CLARKE





THE SHORT TRANSPARENCIES –
GANYMEDE IN GREEN, HANDKERCHIEF HEM

Little Greek girl dresses opposite, flowering in the market place of Chichén Itzá—brilliant green voile wrapped and sashed under the bosom, petal hems fluttering over long, thonged legs. By Rikki for Sport Trio.

Little printed handkerchief dress, above, of navy-and-copper cotton voile sprinkled with flat-white sequins – the waist in chains, the hem in points…following the sun to the Xochicalco ruins outside Cuernavaca. By Trigère. Fashion details, next to the last page of this issue.

EASTWARD TO EVENING—
THE COVERED SATIN PRINTS

In shining sweeps to the floor,
two evening dresses printed Orientally....
A Chinese dragon, *above*, gleaming gold with red and
green rampant on black; a dress with high neck, flared sleeves.
Bamboo, *opposite*, white and lacquer orange on black, with black
yoke and sleeves. Both by Valentino, of silk satin. On the
walls of an ancient Zapotecan temple, in Mitla, Oaxaca.
Fashion details on next to last page of this issue

HENRY CLARK



GLITTERY PINKS—TRANSPARENT, BARED

Pink and white beads, *this page*, patterning a little top over long silk culottes printed in bright pink, pale pink. Split at the front, an overskirt of gauzy pink chiffon. Silk dress and print, by Hanae Mori. Speckled in golden flakes, *opposite*, pink and white printed chiffon that glows with allure—a wrapped top baring the midriff, a long full skirt, a marvellous belt with swags of gilt and pearl beads. By Malcolm Starr. Photographed at the Court of Nuns, in Uxmal, Yucatan. Fashion details, on next to last page of this issue.



COVERED SHIRTDRESSES – LONG AND DREAMY
Sundown yellow, *above*, soft and floaty with crisp white organdie collar and cuffs, a gardenia at the neck, a shiny white belt. Yards and yards of skirt. By Sarmi, of silk georgette.
A touch of the Spanish, *opposite*, in the red printed organza: the flounced skirt and sleeves, the shawl collar V'd to the waist and edged with a quiver of fringe. By Oscar de La Renta. These, in the newly restored convent of Santo Domingo at Oaxaca, now used for state occasions.
Fashion details, on next to the last page of this issue

HENRY CLARKE



COVERED IN WHITE – A KIMONO, A PIERROT JUMP SUIT

Sleeves to the hem, *opposite*, and a wrapped front that forms a high V neck … a marvellous dress-shape for evening now. We added the long ross[illegible] obi … comes with a plump black-and-gilt rope sash. By Chester Weinberg, of white silk gaza… Pierrot suit, *below*, with a ruff for a collar, long floppy sleeves, huge white pompons … the pants wide at the hem. By Rikki for Sport Trio, of white voile … Pop[illegible] background … the new Siqueiros mural called "The March of Humanity" … done in C[illegible]ca. Fashion details, next to last page of this issue

ALL IN A SHORT DAY'S DRIVE:
Ottoman knit wrap, *above*, ideal
all the sharper for lots of white
By Leslie Fay. Patterning the
background with sun and shadow
Puebla Museum's carved façade.
Crinkly pink gingham shirtdress
with the freshly laundered look of
girl checks. By Adele Simpson. Photographed
among the pillars of San Francisco Acatepec

Crisp white double voile, *above*, shirt-buttoned and shirt-cuffed with lace—a white leather belt circles high and wide of the waist. Dress by Kasper for Joan Leslie. The walls of Santa Maria



SHORT EVENINGS IN WHITE… GLEAM OF GOLD, SMASH OF COTTON LACE

White with Aztec gold, *far left*—
a silky, soft-falling dress like a short
sari; white plissé crêpe gleaming with
golden threads. Lifted waist with a narrow
golden belt…we added another of gilt
coins, mock pearls. By Mollie Parnis.
Dazzling white cotton lace, *left,* framing
a sleek brown midriff…turtleneck top like a
little cape, falling just over the bust;
wide dirndl-y skirt, banded at waist and hem.
By Trigère.…Both dresses photographed
at Oaxaca, on the tiled roof of the Cathedral—
beautifully, intricately carved of
pistachio-coloured stone.

HENRY CLARKE

BY ARTHUR SCHLESINGER, JR.

Mexico: or the anguish of history

Mexico, it is perhaps advisable to note, stretches geographically a good deal beyond Acapulco. It also stretches historically a good deal beyond the United States. We regard our own history as filled with emotion and drama; but, next to the heights and depths of the Mexican experience, the gaudy ambitions and the wanton savageries and the impenetrable mysteries, the story of the United States is innocent, sunny, and bland. Not only is Mexico incomparably rich in history: It has been the fool of history. History has teased it, tormented it, held out great dreams, wrought great tragedies.

For Mexico is a nation of false starts. It has had not one but a dozen pasts—and fragments of each remain to baffle and colour the present. Violence, mystification, and a sort of terrible grandeur: These have marked the succession of Mexicos from the days of prehistory. The first Mexicans drifted down from the north, descendants of the primitive men who, thirty or forty thousand years ago, came from Asia across a belt of land to what is now Alaska. Many people assume that the temperate zone is the cradle of civilization and that the tropics infallibly induce sloth and disease. Why then did those early Indians who stayed in the temperate zone remain, for the most part, nomads; while those who pushed ever deeper south, beyond mountains and prairies into a land of steaming jungle and blazing sun, became builders of elaborate and formidable societies? While Europe still languished in the Dark Ages, the Mayas of Yucatán had rich and thriving city-states. Chichén Itzá, Uxmal, and other ruins suggest today the majesty of the Mayan achievement: the stately magnificence of their temples and pyramids, the loveliness of their sculpture and pottery, the ingenious efficiency of their water and road systems, their calendar—more precise in its astronomical observation than anything then known on the other side of the Atlantic—the complex passions of their culture.

It was a society with curious gaps and distortions. The Mayas, for example, discovered maize but did not use the wheel. Though near the sea, they were not a seafaring people. Their sports had an edge of cruelty. The Ball Court at Chichén Itzá has a bas-relief showing first how the game was played and then the beheading of the captain of the losing side. And their culture had as its centre an intricate and cruel religion. The Mayas had many gods, most of whom constantly demanded propitiation. Human sacrifice became the culmination of the ritual—the victim painted Mayan blue and flung, with due ceremony, into a well, or spread over a sacrificial stone till the high priest ripped out his bleeding heart.

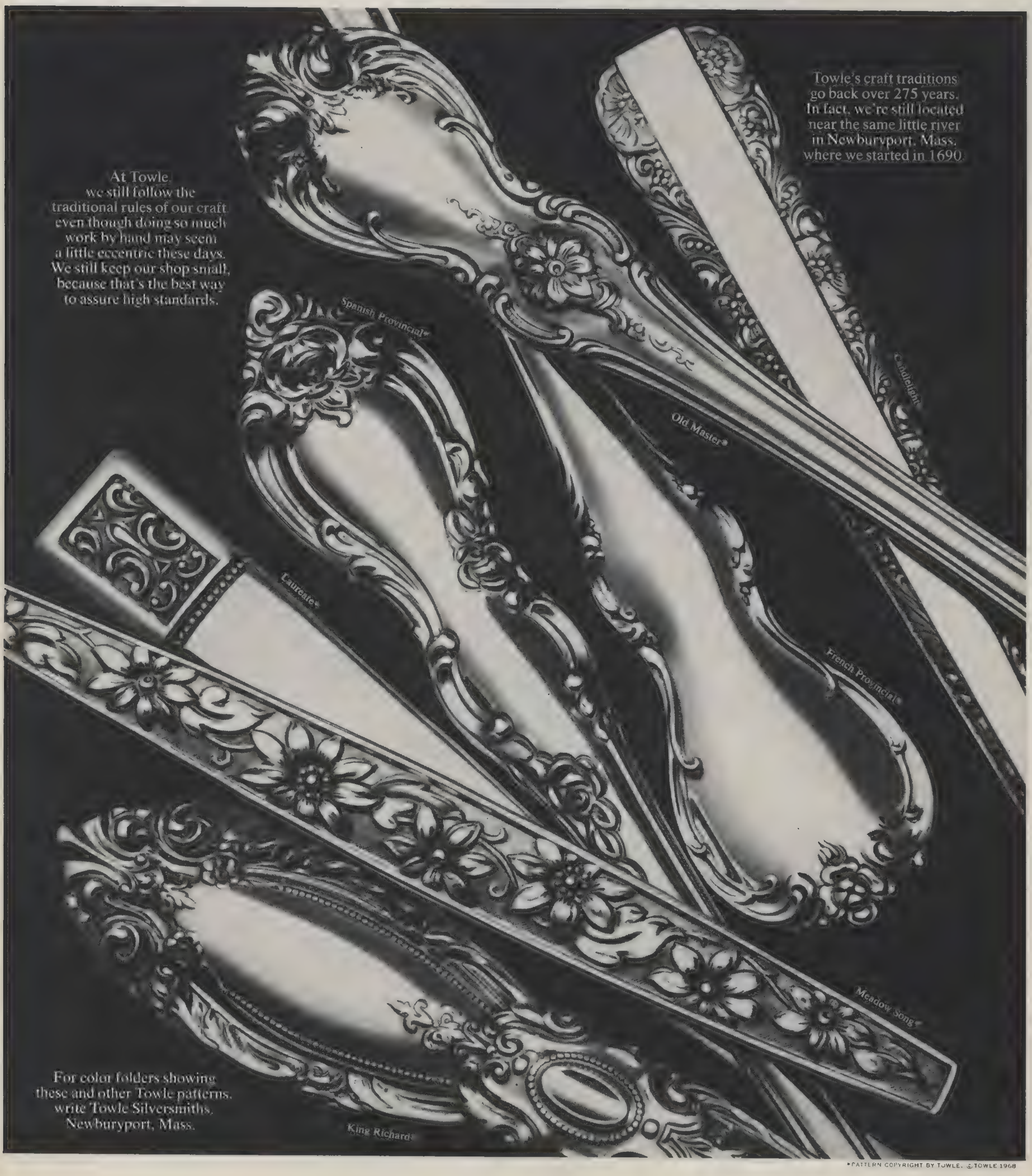
It was a weird combination of civilization and primitivism; but so too have been all developing societies. Even the Greeks practised human sacrifice. Then, mysteriously, the Mayan culture passed away. The cities were abandoned, the temples fell silent, the jungle slowly reconquered what the Mayas had cleared. What happened? No one knows. There are Mayan hieroglyphs, but no one can decipher them (though a Russian linguist claims to be on his way to breaking them down). Perhaps maize, planted generation after generation, had exhausted the soil, and the Mayas went elsewhere in search of fertile land. Perhaps their gods commanded them to go. Jacques Soustelle who, when he is not intriguing against General de Gaulle, is a distinguished student of pre-Columbian Mexico, thinks that the peasants finally refused to support the unintelligible institutions of an insatiable theocracy.

Nor were the Mayas the only people of the region thus to rise and fall. While in North America the Indians lived in rude wigwams and aimlessly roamed the plains, in Mexico the Toltecs, the Zapotecs, the Mixtecs, the Olmecs, the Huastecs built strong and enterprising communities. Some, like the Toltec, were as impressive as the Mayan and vanished as inexplicably. No one knows how many ancient cities and temples still remain hidden in the rain forests of Mexico or buried under the accumulation of top soil. A comprehensive archaeological attack on the past could unbalance the Mexican budget for years to come.

And finally, after centuries of this remarkable but erratic flowering of culture, a new people came into the Valley of Mexico in the middle of the twelfth century. The Aztecs were warriors, poor and hardy. They lived hand to mouth until, according to their traditions, a roving band in 1325 saw an omen—a royal eagle with a serpent in his talons on the branch of a cactus beside a great lake. Here the Aztecs founded a village, building it for protection on piles in the water. In time, as they grew in power and wealth, the city of Tenochtitlán, as they called it, rose out of the lake; and they connected it with the mainland by broad causeways, along which armed expeditions went into the surrounding country. After two centuries of sporadic terror, the Aztecs extended (Continued on page 274)

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Mexico

(right): Tiberio's is the new discothèque in Acapulco . . . and its boutique has all sorts of special "South of the Border" deliciousnesses like this, designed especially for it by Bob Bugnand. . . .

New York

(right): Chris Calloway really understands a hat and what it can do for a girl—After all, there's nothing like the glow of a honey straw shade right at Christmas time, is there? By Kenneth Douglas. $50. Splendiferous, 16 East 56th St.



JACK ROBINS

Paris

(below): This is Sonia Rykiel (in foreground, with, left to right, Hélène, Sylvie, and Marie-Thérèse of her loyal staff). Sonia is one of the great—and pretty much unsung—designers of the boutique world. She's shaped, moulded, and sent forth some of the best of the narrow, sinuous silhouettes we have today. Sonia has always remained out of sight, designing for here and there. But now she has her own little boutique on the rue de Grenelle filled with superb shapes like these basic, knit jump suits—all curve, cling, and great line. . . . Sonia Rykiel is at 6 rue de Grenelle in Paris. Also, some of Sonia's designs are at Henri Bendel in New York. . . .

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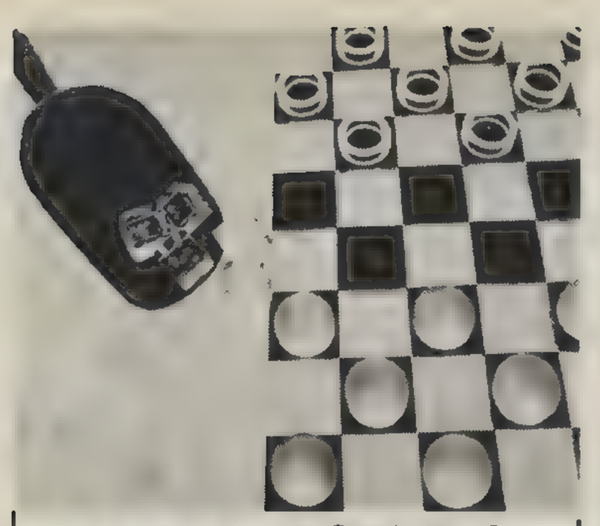
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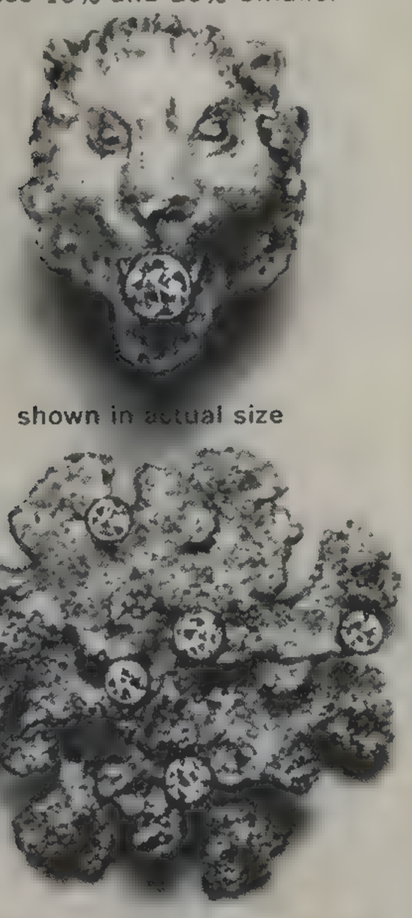


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Mexico:

(Continued from page 270)

their control to 371 towns through central Mexico, from which they exacted tribute in the form of young men and maidens for human sacrifice.

The Aztecs created not an organized empire, like the Romans or the Incas of Peru, but rather a network of tributary states, like the ancient Chinese. They adopted the old Mexican deities and united religion and astronomy into an omnipotent system of magic. No people sought more assiduously to please the gods, and evidently no gods were harder to satisfy. Each year the Aztecs sacrificed twenty thousand of the young; in 1486, when they dedicated a great temple to Huitzilopochtli, they sacrificed, it is said, seventy thousand—a figure accepted by the historian William H. Prescott. Blood was the great talisman. The priests smeared themselves with the blood of their victims and afterward feasted on their flesh.

Huitzilopochtli, the war god, was their particular deity. They worshipped many gods, however, and they never forgot Quetzalcóatl, the Feathered Serpent, who, according to legend, had been driven out by Huitzilopochtli centuries earlier for opposing human sacrifice. Before embarking on a raft to the east, Quetzalcóatl had said: "I will return in a One Reed Year and re-establish my rule. It will be a time of great tribulation for the people." The approach of each One Reed Year was thus a time of crisis, as the court astrologers wondered whether Quetzalcóatl, with his white skin and black beard, would come back out of the east. The years 1363 and 1467 passed; the next One Reed Year was 1519.

Montezuma II now reigned in Tenochtitlán. His experts told him that if Quetzalcóatl were coming this time it would be on April 22, 1519. And on that precise day a Spanish adventurer with white skin and black beard landed on the east coast of Mexico. There began one of the fantastic episodes of all history. For Hernán Cortés had less than seven hundred men: he had no knowledge of the terrain or language: behind him, in Cuba and Madrid, his enemies conspired against him; in front there lay a great empire controlled by proud and fierce warriors. Yet Cortés had certain advantages. He had gunpowder, cannon, and horses; all unknown to Mexico. He had the support of many Indians who hated the annual Aztec exactions for human sacrifice. He had his own subtle intelligence and exceptional qualities of strength and courage. And he had powerfully on his side, though he could only have dimly realized it, the illusion, cherished by the Aztec emperor, that he was indeed Quetzalcóatl and therefore a god.

And so the conquest of Mexico began; that it should have been "effected by a mere handful of indigent adventurers," Prescott wrote, "is a fact little short of the miraculous,—too startling for the probabilities demanded by fiction, and without a parallel in the pages of history." Prescott's own book, written well over a century ago, is extraordinary enough. He had never seen Mexico; indeed, his eyesight was so poor that he had to use a writing case made for the blind that did not even permit the writer to see his own manuscript. But with glowing historical imagination, scrupulous scholarship, and a certain sardonic wit, Prescott, poring over transcripts of documents from Spanish archives in his New England study, made *History of the Conquest of Mexico* a masterpiece.

Why has it never been a movie? There is nothing like it for spectacle: The Spaniards landing on an unknown shore, then making their way into the interior, the fights and parleys with Indians along the way, the fatigue, hunger, and despair, until finally they traversed the pass into the valley of Mexico and suddenly saw before them an unimaginable sight—the white towers of Tenochtitlán sparkling and gleaming on the lake, an Indian Venice, a metropolis more populous than contemporaneous London or Paris. "I stood looking at it," wrote Bernal Díaz del Castillo, the marvellous chronicler of the expedition, "and thought that never in the world would there be discovered other lands such as these."

But the film would have more than spectacle. It would have romance, of course: Marina, the beautiful Indian interpreter, whom Cortés received as a gift from a Tabascan chief, who fought beside him and who in time became his mistress and bore his son. And, properly done, it would have a personal and cultural confrontation as complex as anything in drama—the relationship between Cortés and Montezuma.

For, when Cortés crossed the causeways and entered Tenochtitlán, Montezuma gave him the honours of a god. So the confrontation began: the Spaniard and the Indian, the champion of the Cross and the champion of human sacrifice, the white technologist and the bronze traditionalist, one with his straggle of weary soldiers, the other with the resources of empire, but paralyzed because he was a mortal in the presence of deity. Fearful that the populace might turn against him, Cortés boldly asked Montezuma to move into the palace that the emperor had provided for him. Montezuma, faced with deity, acquiesced and became a virtual prisoner. Yet Montezuma was not a weak man or a coward. He was caught in a theological impasse: The religion which commanded him to plunge his obsidian knife into the hearts of young men and maidens also commanded him to worship Quetzalcóatl. In spite of themselves, the Spaniards were deeply impressed. Bernal Díaz called him "the great Montezuma." He never called his own leader "the great Cortés."

Then Cortés had to go back to the coast to cope with a rearguard attack from envious fellow countrymen. In his absence, a rattled lieutenant staged a massacre of Aztec notables. When Cortés returned to Tenochtitlán, there were no welcoming throngs; he encountered, writes Prescott, "a death-like stillness." Militant Aztecs, impatient with Montezuma's passivity, were urging an assault on the invaders. Soon the Spaniards were under siege. Cortés persuaded Montezuma to address

his people. They stoned him and, out of injury or humiliation or despair, he died.

Cortés had no choice now but to fight his way out. On the celebrated *noche triste*—the melancholy night—his men made a dash across the causeways to the mainland while the Aztecs attacked them from the canals and cut the bridges before and behind them. In a nightmare of fighting and slaughter—what a scene this would make!—Cortés lost perhaps half his army. But in a few months he returned and, taking no chances this time, laid waste the shining city. Years later, as the lake receded, Mexico City rose on the site of Montezuma's capital.

The conquest confirmed the Mexican heritage of passion and violence. It also established Montezuma and Cortés as the protagonists in the struggle for the Mexican soul. At first the *conquistadores* imposed the tradition of Cortés. Even after Mexico won its independence from Spain, it had, under leaders like General Santa Anna, the air of an Iberian principality. It was Santa Anna who reduced the Alamo in 1836; and a dozen years later it was Santa Anna whom the United States beat in the Mexican War. We have benignly forgotten that war; but the Castle of Chapultepec displays the scars, still remembered south of the border, of the North American invasion of Mexico City. (During the war a young American officer, Ulysses S. Grant, wrote home agreeing with "one of our Captains who said that if he was the Government he would whip Mexico until they would consent to the Sabine [in northeast Texas] for their boundary and he would make them take the Texans with it." If Grant had had his way, Lyndon Johnson might be president of Mexico today.)

But the sense of the Indian past never died. It brooded over the landscape and coloured the Mexican sensibility. If white men won Mexican independence, it was Benito Juárez, an Indian, who restored that independence after the forlorn and romantic interlude when Napoleon III tried to establish Archduke Maximilian, the brother of Franz Josef of Austria, as "emperor" of Mexico. With the Monroe Doctrine in abeyance while the North Americans fought their own Civil War, Napoleon sent thirty-four thousand French troops to Mexico. Two years of occupation and fighting advanced French pacification enough to permit the coronation of Maximilian. But, when the Civil War came to an end, the French pulled out, and Maximilian died before Juárez's firing squad.

Juárez began the slow work of civic restoration. But in a few years he too died, and General Porfirio Díaz seized control, using violence to enforce an uneasy peace and make Mexico safe for foreign capitalism. Still Díaz could not sit on the lid forever. After thirty-four years of rule, in 1911, the long-thwarted resentments and aspirations of his people burst out and forced the old dictator, with his top hat and frock coat, into exile.

How lucky for the United States that the Mexican Revolution took place before the Russian Revolution! One can see old Díaz explaining to Washington that he needed American assistance to stop the spread of Communism; one can see some Secretary of State saying righteously it was all like Munich and, if we did not fight Communism in Yucatán, we would have to fight it in El Paso. But in those guileless days it was naïvely supposed that revolution could take place without the instigation of Moscow or Peking. At any rate, Washington did not try to crush the Mexican Revolution. And the Revolution itself, despite retrospective attempts to make it seem premeditated and planned, was a spontaneous mass uprising, if ever there was one. It was turbulent and unpredictable, and it burned through the country for nearly a decade. Hollywood has done part of its job here: We know a little about Zapata and Villa and the ferocious fight of the peasants for land and liberty.

With the Revolution the Indians returned, in theory at least, to the centre of Mexican life. Cortés disappeared, except to figure as a demented villain, his face ugly with evil, in the frescoes of Diego Rivera. Not a town in Mexico, not a plaza, bears his name. Instead the great muralists, rejecting the Conquest, sought to unite the Revolution and the Indians into a single Mexican tradition. There was something artificial about it all, as there is something artificial in Mexico today when the descendants of Cortés explain over highballs why they identify so much more with Montezuma. while the descendants of Montezuma live as they have lived for centuries in the hills. But the frescoes, acre after acre of splashes of vivid colour, have created a facsimile of history, a vivid painted myth, portraying the Mexican past as a continuum from Quetzalcóatl to Cardenas—with an assist, it could be added, from Marx and Lenin. Government ministries in Mexico City today are adorned with frescoes whose pious gestures to the founding fathers of Communism would send a Mississippi Congressman into apoplexy.

But this is another irony. For the Mexicans have used their Revolution to abolish the threat of new revolutions. If Marx is in a mural at the Ministry of Education, he has become part, so to speak, of the official apparatus and has lost his sting. The Revolution is enshrined in rhetoric and embodied in the governing party—the PRI, the Party of the Institutional Revolution. Embalmed in the capital, it burns no longer on the countryside. PRI controls the government, selects the presidents and, up till recently, has managed to fulfill its social promises just fast enough to keep its constituent groups—the farmers, the workers, the intellectuals—happy. The great political balancing act presided over the development of Mexico from its tragic past into a thriving and apparently contented bourgeois nation—in some sectors, into an ostentatious boom society.

But in recent months the balance has begun to fall apart; the politics of prestidigitation may have run its course. For the Mexican Revolution, despite the propaganda, is incomplete. Three million Indians on the countryside live not very dif-

(Continued on page 282)



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A Glory of Peonies

(Continued from page 208)

Almost every region of the temperate zone has its own peony. Majorca and the Balearic Islands have their own very early deep-pink variety, remarkable for the purple underside to its leaves; Corsica and Sardinia have another, purplish pink; and the Caucasus and northern Persia produce between them the unique wild yellow peony, Mlokosewitschi, which carries its flower proudly above strong-looking bronze-green leaves at the head of reddish stems. A rich crimson variety comes from the Balkans and Asia Minor, claiming the western and southern shores of the Black Sea as its territory, while a blood-red with fernlike leaves, *Paeonia tenuifolia*, possesses a kingdom on its northern side extending from the Caucasus across to Transylvania.

There are many other regional varieties, coming from more or less restricted habitats such as southern Spain and southern Portugal, Morocco and Algiers, Syria and Lebanon, Jordan, and southern Hungary; but the classic peony regions from which the great peonies of the garden have come are the southern European area, including Albania, Italy, Switzerland, and northern Spain, and the greater Asian area that includes northeastern Asia and northern India and the mountain country between them. The first of these regions produced the rather dull red to purple *Paeonia officinalis* which was the Western gardeners' standby until the end of the eighteenth century, and the second the two real joys of the peony grower: the *Paeonia moutan*, or tree peony, and the softer, less elegant but more generous Shaoyao, or *Paeonia albiflora*, which, with its hybrids, is now the common peony of the gardener and florist throughout the world.

To the question when did men first start growing peonies there can be no answer. They seem to have been a part of human life from the beginning. The Greeks named the flower for a personage who figured ambiguously in their creation myth. Zeus's father Cronus, it will be remembered, had the unpleasant habit of eating all his children because he had been warned that one of them would one day dethrone him. When his consort, Rhea, was carrying Zeus she went away and hid herself from him on the island of Crete where she bore the child secretly and alone. In her labour pains she clutched at the earth with both hands, and from the holes made by her fingers the ten Dactyls, who served as guardians and nurses for the infant Zeus, sprang full-grown.

Hercules began life in this way, and Paeon also was one of the Dactyls. The peony comes into the story later, when Hercules has succeeded in inflicting a mortal wound on Pluto, the king of the land of the dead. Paeon, who was at this time a pupil of Aesculapius, the god of healing, was taken up onto the slopes of Mount Olympus by Apollo's mother, Leto, and shown how to make a decoction of peony roots that would cure Pluto's wound. He followed her instructions and restored Pluto to health. Aesculapius, who, as a healer, considered himself death's enemy, was so affronted by this act of treachery that he arranged to have Paeon poisoned. Pluto could not spare Paeon from death, but he was able to give him the boon of annual resurrection by transforming him into the plant. So he has lived ever since as his own memorial.

We may conclude from this that the Greeks were first interested in the plant for medical reasons, and also, since Paeon means "deliverer from evil," that the plant had a magical rôle. But there is another element in the story. Leto, Apollo's mother, was one of a family of eastern Mediterranean goddesses whose names Let, Lat, Lada, Leda, and Latona are all variations of a primitive pre-Greek word meaning "woman." From this ancient muddle, then, there suddenly emerges the vision of a primitive goddess who embodies in herself all the qualities of femaleness and femininity, and who carries a peony as a symbol of her powers. As we see her offering Paeon her flower with an enigmatic smile, and telling him that it is a weapon with which he will be able to defeat death, the explanation of Aesculapius's jealousy becomes an open secret.

Aesculapius's staff entwined with a serpent is not only the obvious symbol—or combination of symbols—of maleness that any reader of Freudian literature will recognize at a glance: Tame snakes were kept in shrines dedicated to this god of healing as symbols of renewal and rebirth—the snake is an animal with a plant-like characteristic to all appearances, it seems to be reborn of itself without having to pass through the body of a mother each spring when it casts its skin. The snake becomes, for this reason, the embodiment of the narcissistic masculine ideal of an autonomous creativity, which would permit the male ego to perpetuate itself without female assistance. We are faced in this flower's European name with the obscure necessity that has encumbered so many religions with the bizarre notion that the first woman might have been born out a man's body at the bidding of a male god.

Strangely enough, the story of the Chinese Shaoyao is also one that has no beginning, and which shows some profound link between the flower and the idea of femininity. In the anthology of Chinese poems known to the West as *The Odes*, *The Confucian Odes*, or *The Book of Songs*, we find verses that were already old when it was compiled around 700 B.C. In one of these we are told that when the rivers of Chên and Wei in northern Honan were full to the brim with swift running water from the spring snow melting in the mountains upstream, the young men and women who lived in their valleys went to the bankside meadows and made love, thereafter gathering armfuls of

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A Glory of Peonies

(Continued from page 276)

scented rushes. The lines have all the ambiguity characteristic of Chinese poetry, and it is not clear from the text whether the women gave the men peonies before or after the lovemaking, but it is quite clear that the gift of the peony is a sign that the woman has given herself or is going to give herself to the man.

The Chinese civilization has the oldest and most consistent of literary traditions, and one of its essential features has always been reference from the present to the past. Every writer who has written in Chinese in the past twenty-five hundred years has known *The Book of Songs* and has referred to its contents by indirection and allusion. As a result, the peony-woman metaphor has become a part of the literary language to such an extent that it no longer requires an explanation—to talk of one is to talk of the other so far as poetry is concerned. This was already the case when the tree peony was discovered growing wild among the bamboo groves in the southern part of Chekiang and named Mushaoyao, or Woody Shaoyao, about fifteen or sixteen hundred years ago.

By middle T'ang, that is around A.D. 700, the tree peony had been given a name of its own, *moutan*, and had become established as the supreme flower of the Imperial Palace gardens. The display of them arranged by the palace gardeners one spring soon after A.D. 742 was so magnificent that the Emperor Hsüan Tsung, who had brought his beautiful mistress Yang Kuei-fei to see them, burst out with some such explanation as "only our greatest living poet can do justice to this" and ordered Li Po to be sent for. Li Po, who was a heavy drinker, was drunk at the time, but the court chamberlains poured cold water over him to bring him round and had him ushered into the presence of the Emperor, the great beauty, and the array of reddish-purple, soft-pink, and white flowers in the Chen-hsiang Ting, a pavilion that had been specially built for the peony viewing.

He was called on to improvise to music played by the court musicians, and with extraordinary technical skill produced three perfect verses, the second of which, however, contained a monumental error of tact. This compares a dewy peony, by which we are to understand Yang Kuei-fei, with "the vanished fairy who broke the heart of the dreamer king in the old legend of the Cloud and Rain." As Hsüan Tsung was beginning to be criticized because his infatuation with the lady Yang was leading him to neglect his official duties, this reference to the dreamer king was bad enough, but Li Po then followed bad with worse: "The palaces of China have never known such beauty—not even in the shape of Flying Swallow, with all her glittering garments."

Li Po, alas, had remembered Flying Swallow's beauty, but had forgotten that her infidelity to her lover, the Emperor Cheng-ti, had brought her into disgrace in spite of it. Yang Kuei-fei could spot an allusion as quickly as the next court lady, and Li Po soon found it wise to ask permission to leave the court.

Events proved the unlucky verses to be prophetic. The infatuation of Hsüan Tsung cost him his throne, and when he was in flight from his capital the few bodyguards remaining loyal to him threatened to desert unless he agreed to have the woman they thought responsible for his misfortunes and their own strangled. So the lovely peony lady died like a dog with a cord round her neck at the Ma Wei post station where the party had stopped for the night. The Emperor grieved for her and for her lost beauty for the rest of his life, and his unending sorrow is the subject of the great poet Po Chü-i's best-known poem.

The T'ang court ladies could hardly complain if poets treated them like metaphors in their poems because that is what they had allowed themselves to become. The T'ang painter Chou Fang shows us one of them in the act of teasing a Pekingese dog with the silk tuft at the end of an ebony-handled fly whisk. She wears a plain red silk dress that leaves her arms and shoulders bare, but she has thrown over this an outer robe of finely woven brown gauze that envelops her in a transparent cloud. She wears two severely simple bracelets on her right wrist and no other jewellery at all. Her hair, however, is heaped up on top of her head in a great glossy black mound as high, from hairline to crown, as her face is long. Three strings of delicate gold pendants attached to hairpins decorate the front of this hairdo which is surmounted by an enormous artificial peony nearly twelve inches across. The giver of the gift has become the gift itself, and the generous partner has become the master's plaything who wears a peony as a sign of her availability.

By late Ming times, the peony flower had come to stand not for the whole woman but for a part of her anatomy, and the woman who wore either a real or an artificial one in her hair did so to show that she herself was for hire or that she was in the business of selling other women, and in the last years of the dynasty—in our early sixteen hundreds—it seemed natural for the compiler of the pornographic anthology *Yüan-yang-pi-pu*, (The Secret Handbook for Lovers) to sign himself as Master of the Peony Studio.

But just when the position of women was deteriorating most rapidly, foot binding was coming in, and the peony metaphor becoming a grossness, at the beginning of the Sung dynasty, the classic period was starting so far as the flower itself was concerned. In the China of those days, nine hundred years ago, a man such as Mên Yüan-tzu (Mên, the gardener) could make a national reputation for his skill in bud-grafting; and a successful peony breeder like Sung Shan-fu could handle an Imperial order for ten thousand *moutan* in the new colours, like Yao's Yellow. These men were from the *mou-*

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tan country in the great bend of the Yellow River: The Chu family, who were able to maintain a garden at Yangchow in which sixty thousand Shaoyao belonging to thirty-three varieties blossomed each spring, came from the Shaoyao country which stretched along the lower Yangtze from the Poyang Lake in Kiangsi to lakeside Soochow near the seacoast. Gardening on such a scale could be carried on only by men who really knew what they were about, and serious monographs about peony culture began to appear from the early part of the eleventh century onwards.

This great passion naturally enough made its impact on the arts, and one could indeed illustrate a thesis on the rise and decline of Chinese painting and ceramic design with examples of the treatment of peony motifs. Extraordinarily beautiful Matisse-like line drawings of *moutan* and Shaoyao are to be found on Liu and Northern Sung graffito ware, both of the Tz'n-chou type and the more elegant and delicate Ting white porcelain; more formal and more abstract treatments of the peony theme in incised or stamped designs float under the transparent shadowy blue and jade-green of the Yüeh and Ching-te Chen celadons.

As the centuries pass the flowing certainty and the freshness passes out of these designs, they become conventionalized, rigid, and automatic and in spite of the perfection of their colours and glazes, less and less interesting. The over-finished "famille rose" ware of the Ch'ien-lung period beloved by European collectors represents the end of a line: The techniques of draftsmanship and colouring are those of the hack watercolourists who were then employed to tint black-and-white line drawings printed from wood blocks for book illustrations. A mechanical technique dubiously appropriate to another medium has been applied to the decoration of porcelain in complete disregard of its qualities, and the impression given is one of debilitation and exhaustion.

Very much the same thing happened in the case of painting: The fourteenth- and fifteenth-century painters still had the strength and power that had been possessed by such tenth- and eleventh-century masters as Hsu Hsi; but when one looks at such a painting as Ma Yuan-yu's peonies of 1695 one sees that the frost of over-refinement and formalization is descending. The late eighteenth-century flower painters are painting copies of copies, and though the work gets prettier and prettier it also gets deader and deader. It is, in fact, the truth that when these works of decadence began to reach Europe the peonies they portrayed were dismissed as dream flowers which could only exist in the fantasy of a people dedicated to preciousness as a way of life.

It was only when the evidence of the porcelains, the enamel ware, the embroideries, and the paintings was backed up by the accounts of travellers who had seen them that the West began to believe in the *moutan* and Shaoyao. In 1787, an agent of Sir Joseph Banks, an English master gardener who created the great Kew Gardens, purchased a *moutan* peony in Canton, and the Chinese conquest of the West began.

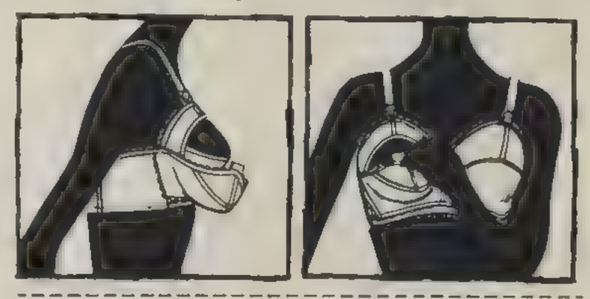
At first the only Chinese peonies reaching Europe and America were *moutans* coming out through the south China ports, and it was assumed that the flowers originated somewhere in the neighbourhood of Canton. It was not realized until the plant collector Robert Fortune visited China, primarily in search of tea plants, in the eighteen forties, that an extraordinary peony trade had been going on between north and south China for nearly twelve hundred years. Peonies need a hard winter to give them a dormant season to ensure their healthy growth. They deteriorate rapidly in the soft, moist, "double crop" southern-Chinese climate. So, as early as Sung times, plants grown in the north had

(Continued on page 280)



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A Glory of Peonies

(Continued from page 279)

been carefully packed and shipped a thousand miles and more each spring to the peony connoisseurs in the south, where they were paid for by the bud. This trade in beauty had gone on through all China's internal disturbances and, in spite of the coming of the Manchu conquerors in the middle of the seventeenth century, it went on through the period of foreign intervention lasting from the eighteen forties to the nineteen forties and continues to this day, Red Guards or no Red Guards. Each year the Communist gardeners who look after the grounds of the former Imperial Palaces at Peking fill their courtyards with the finest peonies they can raise when these come into season, just as Hsüan Tsung's gardeners did in the old capital at Changan when the *moutans* were a novelty.

Will we be as constant in our worship of these beauties? It is hard to say. The English passion for *moutan* flared up and died away in the eighteen twenties and thirties, to be renewed when Japanese novelties began to appear in the nineties. An English Shaoyao boom began in the eighteen sixties as a French boom that began in the eighteen thirties was passing its peak. The American peony boom reached its height in the early nineteen hundreds and had a second burst in the twenties and thirties. But while the Shaoyao peonies in particular have a firm hold on the hearts of ordinary gardeners as easy plants to grow all over the temperate West, there is a tendency to resent the shortness of their flowering season and the vulnerability of their blossoms to bleaching, direct sunlight, and heavy rain. Then too, the gardener's desire for a beautiful plant covered with floating clouds of blossom is in conflict with the commercial growers' desire for a good cutting peony, a ramrod with a single blossom at the end of it.

That the auguries are not altogether good is plain to see if one visits the garden of the American Hokusai of the peony at Clinton, New York. This is where the great Sung Shan-fu found a worthy successor in the person of A. P. Saunders, the professor of chemistry at Hamilton College. After he had been working as a hybridizer of iris and phlox for some years before World War I, Professor Saunders decided to try to produce some new hybrids that might lengthen the peony season by two or three weeks. Little realizing what he had let himself in for, he ended up by carrying out a program that involved the crossing of every known peony species with every other, both ways.

When Professor Saunders died in 1953, he was in the twenty-third volume of his peony notebooks, and his last entry was concerned with his 17,224th plant. Most of the fourteen thousand-odd hybrids he produced were destined to be uprooted and flung out as worthless, but 165 of them met his standards and were given names before being propagated and sent out to the commercial growers.

Some of these, notably the magnificent 'Garden Peace,' a whole family of corals and cherry pinks, the very early ivory 'Starlight,' the superb but extremely rare 'Eclipse,' and the deep-purple 'Burgundy,' are as good as any peonies that have ever been grown. They mark the opening of a new chapter in the history of the flower, and Professor Saunders's garden should be, as the hallowed ground where they were first produced, a place of pilgrimage.

That, however, is not the American way. When Professor Saunders was in the middle of his great work, the Hamilton College authorities drove a sewer line straight through the flower-beds at the back of the college house in which he lived. Alarmed by this sign of indifference to the value of his work, he bought a piece of ground a short distance away where he could be certain of being undisturbed. This plot, in which all his greatest flowers were born, is now the property of the college. One sees the survivors of his last batches of seedlings blooming there, among the Korean lilacs that he loved, half smothered in rankly growing grasses and maple seedlings. Fifteen years after his death his garden is almost gone, in another decade there will be no trace left of the scene of all that patient and creative labour. . . .

Perhaps this is no more than what Professor Saunders himself would have expected. A photograph exists that was taken not long before his death. In it he is seen, looking, with his neat white head and his trim white beard, like some crisp Canadian version of a Taoist immortal. He is regarding one of his masterpieces, the peony called 'Chalice.' Its flowers are enormous flat dishes of white petals, on each of which boils—the word is that of a Japanese poet—a huge golden mound of stamens. He has an expression of pride mixed with a certain sadness on his face. He seems to be aware that Leto is still smiling enigmatically from behind her flower. His achievement, after all, was to give a new form to the fragile and transient beauty that has outlasted all the empires, kingdoms, and republics that men have made so far, and has endured while time has made every human achievement and triumph in turn seem trivial or meaningless. In a sense he will live as long as that beauty lasts, but this is in a sense, that makes the term "living" a meaningless one. The flower in all its frailty has an anonymous permanence and immortality to which no individual with a name can aspire.

Shanta Rao

(Continued from page 225)

complete the journey. At the count of fifteen, your eyes should be dead centre, straight ahead.

Of course, doing these exercises alone you escape what Shanta got every day—a thumping whack on the head for the slightest infraction: inattention, loss of concentration, or failure to control her eyes unwaveringly. The result, as anyone who has ever seen her dance knows, is an almost frightening clarity and range of expression. "If I perform as an evil character in one of my dances, I want you to feel like killing me," she said. There were other lessons. Bedtime was at eleven in the evening and she was up again three and a half hours later.

"Are you happy?" a reporter asked Shanta not long ago.

"No," she answered, adding, "My *happy* days were with my masters . . . working . . . but they gave me my fill of men."

Shanta has never married. ("God is my lover," she said in one breath and in the next, "I am bereft of spirituality.") Her paintings, those huge, highly coloured temperas on unending sheets of brown wrapping paper, are always women—dancing girls bejewelled and garlanded in flowers.

After six months Mrs. Harding disappeared, but Shanta had learned enough to practise by herself. At sixteen, Shanta changed to another style of Indian dance, Bharata Natyam, and lived in a tiny village, Pandanallur, where the last of the great dancing teachers, Minakshi Sundaram Pillay (of the "dancing teachers caste") had, again reluctantly, consented to accept her as a pupil.

Somewhere along the line Shanta had, by now, acquired an "aunt," Vasanti Rao, really a *mère de théâtre,* who is still with her and who serves as "timekeeper," or bell beater, and metre chanter at all recitals. "Aunt" is her constant companion, and Shanta, even now, does not leave her apartment on Brigade Road in Bangalore Cantonment to walk down the main street to a shop without her. (Is this her one concession to conservative India?)

Minakshi Sundaram Pillay was used to teaching dancing girls or temple dancers, not "heaven-born Brahmans." One of the names for Bharata Natyam is *dasi attam* or slave dancing, and it refers to the *devadasi* or "servants of god," girls given to temples in thanks or in propitiation by their families. Their function was to dance for the gods, either re-enacting the gods' own dances or celebrating mortal exuberance and joy at worshipping them.

Obviously a secularization was bound to occur. What little difference there is in dancing to the gods abstractly and then *for* the priest. *Dasi attam* for centuries had been a virtuoso display by seductive women. For years interpretations of devotional songs expressing impassioned love had been rendered equivocal, pertinent either to a member of the audience or to the bronze idol before which the dance was performed in the temple. "After all," Shanta said, "lower the level of your eye, and you are no longer dancing to a god but to a person." Still, *dasi attam* is India's greatest, most complete dance form.

Shanta's zeal was irresistible. She started practice at five-thirty in the morning with supervised lessons in the later morning and afternoon. More practice and to bed at eleven.

In *dasi attam,* the teacher never rises from the floor. He never demonstrates a gesture. He calls out, "Wrong!" "No!" "Don't," until finally his silence indicates satisfaction. The exercise in intuition is enormous: The pupil must read her guru's eyes and then express with her body what he wants. Easy if you are a *devadasi;* hard if you are an outsider.

Shanta was an outsider, but not for long. She had worked especially on the hand movements, or *mudras,* that express a vocabulary of thousands of words. Meanings are easy when the hands shape themselves into the object or animal they are supposed to represent—a sparrow, for instance, fluttering in the air; or an elephant, ears flapping, trampling through a forest of invisible trees. The complexity begins when a single gesture is given a number of designations.

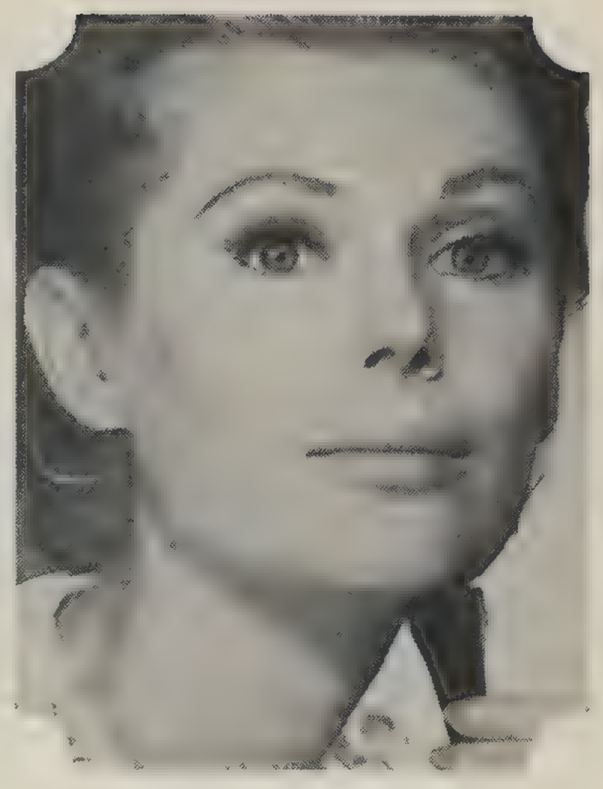
Take the *sikhara,* four fingers closed into a fist with the thumb sticking up, like "thumbs up." It signifies most frequently lord in the sense of god, but it also means husband or man. It clearly represents the phallus. However, it is also used to be the arrow drawing a bow, or it can represent a pillar in a temple or house, and even a tooth. Another of its meanings is that of the human body. Philosophically, too, the *sikhara* symbolizes silence and contemplation, and it can be used in the course of a dance as a verb: "enter," "question," "refuse." The same gesture, *sikhara,* is used for several actions such as undoing the girdle, embracing a lover, pounding or beating grain, drinking or pouring water. It can, ultimately, represent the "sound of a bell."

Bharata Natyam as a dance is divided almost equally into two parts—the literal and the abstract. Much of it is simply a series of decorative patterns, like ballet, and much, too, consists of specific delineation of a poem in gestures of the hand as well as movement of the body. Here the dancer becomes an actress, and here Shanta perhaps achieved her highest degree of greatness.

Take the little dance-song in which Shanta (a goddess) has sent her maid with a message to her lover (a god, of course). At first suspiciously, then petulantly, and finally in fury, Shanta sings-acts these lines: "Why has your carefully combed hair come unplaited? And how did streaks of kumkum paste get intermixed on your cheeks with kumkum paste of another colour? And why is the pretty mark of sandalwood on your forehead effaced? And why indeed are your eyes aglow? And your coral lips pallid with the marks of teeth? It is clear you are fresh from his embrace!"

In an even more celebrated dance-poem Shanta dances in abject terror of being in disfavour with god. "Have I displeased thee, oh lord? Did I say that thou didst stand on one foot like a thief in holy Chidambaram? Or have I said that thou didst possess only one bull? . . ."

(Continued on page 282)



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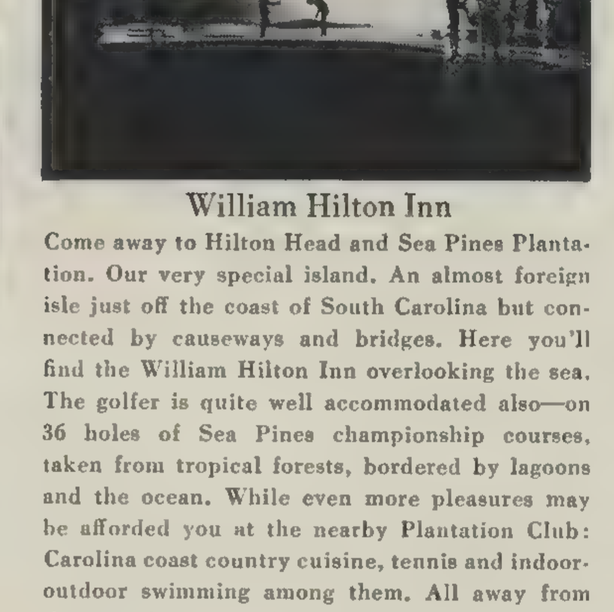
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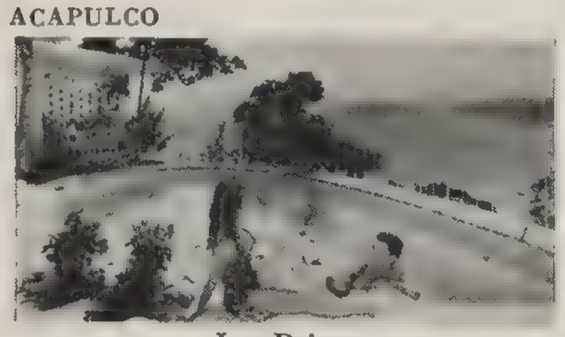


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Shanta Rao

(Continued from page 281)

After a year, Shanta had learned and mastered a fantastic repertoire of pieces, some lasting up to two nonstop hours, and not only of songs but of the decorative dances—*tillanas, alarippus, jatisvarams*—where chains of ravishing postures, finger articulations, pliés, and spins are linked in explosive successions of surprises. She returned to Bangalore and practised. For a few months each year she returned to her teachers at Vallathol's school and at Pandanallur for refreshed discipline. "No!" "Don't," and now, "Yes . . . very good."

Shanta made her début in Madras, the hard-core city of dancers where every coolie considers himself an authority with the right to damn. Someone placed a bad luck charm on the stage, and she discovered it after the curtain was raised. The critics were unkind. She made the stage into a gymnasium, they said, meaning they missed the brothel atmosphere dance had accumulated around itself.

Suddenly, Shanta was discovered by Pipsi Wadia, a wealthy Bombay Parsi. She danced in Bombay for the first time, and the critics followed the lead of the percipient Pipsi. Homi Babha, the late atomic physicist, became a devotee and drew her in a series of widely published, exquisite dance poses.

The rest of Shanta's life is the history of every other great dancer—a mixture of disapproval and approbation. As her fame grew and her audiences became more enthusiastic, the mysterious Shanta attracted more and more astonished comment. In time, the opponents fell silent. Her dance with its exorbitant range had reached too many people in India and abroad to be gainsaid any longer. She was established. She was on her own.

How does she spend her time at the pinnacle of her powers? Almost exactly as in the beginning. Up at dawn to practise. Pause to eat. Only this is new: In the afternoons she types (execrably and in still faulty English) her thoughts about dance, its history, and the erosion that time has brought it. Are the changes all for the worse? Shanta is keeping her answer secret until one day the thesis will be published. Then she practises again, when the heat of the day abates.

"The moment you think dance is work or dance is just a pastime, then it loses real significance. It is a pleasure for me. Ever since I took to dancing until this very moment, I haven't known what it is to rest. I don't go for a ride or pleasure trip or anything because for me all the pleasure, all the holiday, all the relaxing is in dancing."

"I know only work and sweat," she once said. Her audiences know only the result—excitement, magic, allure.

Oh yes, one more thing. Not long ago there was a reconciliation between Shanta and her family. Her father summoned her from his deathbed. He forgave her her career. At last he understood how a "nice girl" could want to dance and paint. Her mother only said, "Why don't you settle down and get married?" This, after a lifetime of dance and loneliness.

Mexico

(Continued from page 275)

ferently from the way their ancestors lived at the time of the Conquest. The more energetic and ambitious flow into the cities; Mexico City is now nearly as large as New York. The students are restless and bitter in Mexico, as they are everywhere else. And the PRI seems to have lost its touch. The government has been set back in elections; it has fired leading officials; it badly mishandled the recent riots at the National University, where nearly forty people were killed and a hundred wounded.

After its long effort to fuse its many pasts into a single national tradition, Mexico remains a divided land. The struggle still goes on between Huitzilopochtli and Quetzalcóatl, between the Smoking Mirror and the Feathered Serpent.

"THIS MODESTY OF SOUND"

By John Gruen

Morton Feldman, one of today's most enigmatic and brilliant avant-garde composers, has embarked on a project that will render music inaudible. Inaudible? Yes—but with a highly provocative difference.

Since the early fifties, Feldman, together with John Cage, has experimented with the decibel quotients of sound. In the case of Cage, the sound frequencies have either been ear-shatteringly loud or have been variously tampered with, or have simply not existed at all, as was evident in his piano composition in which a pianist sat before the keyboard for four-and-a-half minutes of total silence. The "music" came from the environment—the audience stirring, the "silent" noise of the concert hall.

Feldman's music has always dealt with actual sound, produced by actual instruments, but the sounds he produced were always exceedingly quiet. Feldman's compositions—performed by major symphony orchestras, including the New York Philharmonic—offer a highly sensitized approach to the nature of instrumental sound. His is a vocabulary that may be linked to Impressionist painting without subject matter. Only the hazy, suffused light may be equated to the imperceptible aural language of Feldman's music. It is a music of deep intimacy. It is a music that by its great modesty of sound exudes an almost spiritual ambience. One must *really* listen to a Feldman work, or it might easily slip by without being heard at all.

This modesty of sound has become a matter of obsession for the composer. He wishes his music to recede further and further until the music is not so much heard as perceived. To that end, he has recently aligned himself with the group known as EAT (Experiments in Art and Technology) which will give Feldman the opportunity of composing with inaudible frequencies. Together with the artist Robert Rauschenberg and the electronic engineer Billy Kluver—major forces of the group—Feldman is developing a musical language directed at instinct and perception rather than ears. "I want to find out if inaudible frequencies have a personality," said Feldman, "or whether they are merely scientific by-products. . . . Also, I question the precept which states that aesthetics or perceptions must spring out of something audible or visible. I guess it's my Kierkegaardian faith in the emotions. I want to make an art out of it."

In effect, electronic instruments are being created that will act as musical instruments. Feldman will write a score based on a series of inaudible frequencies. Rauschenberg and Kluver will perform on the instruments from Feldman's graph-like score; and sometime in January listeners will be invited to Rauschenberg's studio where they will be seated in a partially acoustically controlled area, the performers and the instruments hidden from view. "I will be composing a music that exists at the threshold of sound—and at varying degrees below it," Feldman continued: "Audibility will go into an inward state. I will be able to discover whether inaudible frequencies of sound can be transmitted—if they can be communicated. . . . I want to create a music that is the closest to the initial impetus of composition—that is, before it becomes audible language."

Will anything be heard at all? Morton Feldman promises that something will happen. "Audiences will be very close to their own perceptions, it will be as if they were being squeezed out of a tube of paint—thinly or thickly, as I choose."

"THE SNEAK-UP IN TAXES"

By Henry C. Wallich

Since mid-year, most American taxpayers have been paying a tax surcharge of 10 per cent. If Benjamin Franklin had observed the long Congressional backing and filling that preceded the new levy, he might have been more cautious in what he said about the certainty of death and taxes. He would have the same reason to modify his view if he were to contemplate the outlook for termination of this "temporary" charge. June 30, 1969, is scheduled to be the lucky day. But it is already being argued in Washington that the surcharge should be renewed for the next fiscal year, and perhaps indefinitely into the future. Nothing is certain about taxes, except perhaps that it is very difficult to cut them. As for death, one might say that in contrast to taxes it is sometimes painless.

Not everybody is aware that, surcharges aside, a built-in mechanism is at work that tends to raise our tax load every year. People filling in Form 1040 observe, of course, that the amount at the bottom of the page, "tax due" tends to creep up year by year as their income advances. A less obvious fact is that this rate of increase usually exceeds that of the income itself. That is brought about by the progressiveness of the Federal income tax.

Moving to a higher income means moving to a higher tax bracket. Since more income means more ability to pay, this fact alone would not be so bad. But for many people the apparent rise in income no more than compensates for inflation. Measured in "real" terms, *i.e.*, in constant prices, their income does not rise. Yet by being pushed into higher tax brackets, they are compelled to shoulder a progressively growing tax burden, in real terms. The real value of their after-tax income diminishes.

This vicious effect of inflation on the tax system hits rich and poor. The $600 exemption for each dependent, which at one time offered full shelter against the income tax to a numerous family of modest means, today barely protects the poverty group. It has been undermined by inflation. The Federal Government meanwhile is the big gainer. Its revenues mount rapidly, while the real value of its debt dollar diminishes.

The Federal Government's gain from the combined effect of economic growth and inflation is far more startling than most people realize. On plausible assumptions, it runs on the order of $15 billion or more a year, depending on how fast is the rate of inflation. This "fiscal dividend" should be ample to cover the Government's mounting needs and to leave some room for tax reduction or debt repayment.

That, however, is not the view of most of the able and dedicated men heading up the bureaus of Washington. They all have plans and programs, some of them appealing, and all press for more money. Given their heads, they could quickly outspend the national income. If the taxpayer does not want to be overwhelmed by these demands, he had better make himself heard in Washington. If he stifles his cries of anguish, the result will be not just failure of the tax burden to be alleviated. For the reasons stated, the tax burden keeps increasing in relation to income unless taxes from time to time are cut. That means not just a growing financial burden for the average American family, it also means a growing power machine in Washington. Taxes, Justice Holmes said, are the price we pay for a civilized society. But progressive taxes, implemented in conditions of rising income and almost equally quickly rising prices, can turn out to be the price of something few people want to buy—the victory of government over a free society.

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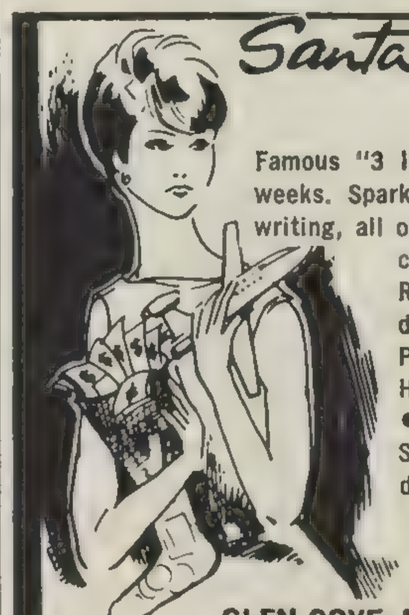
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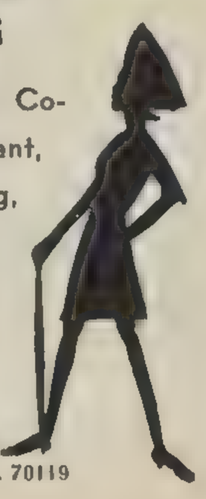
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Nepal

(Continued from page 238)

sharers of their husbands', or their husbands' parents', property. In case of divorce, a childless woman receives a lifetime allowance from her former husband. If there are children, the wife shares the family property equally with the husband.

"Daughters are considered sacred and worthy of worship, while sons are seen as secular. Sons inherit not only the property when their parents die, but also the obligation of entertaining and bestowing gifts on their sisters, fathers' sisters, and sisters' husbands and children. In many villages, women make all the business transactions and thus control all resources except for money invested in land and the family house, which is usually two or three storeys."

When I was invited for tea at a house in Patan, I had to duck my head climbing up a steep ladder through a trap door to a dark, small room. Beside a shortwave radio and a brass trunk—like those taken by Gurkha soldiers to war—were sleeping mats on the earthen floor on which we sat in the lotus position. Wearing a white sari, the lady of the house brought tea and rice cakes, clasping her hands in a prayer-like greeting.

My friends are Newars, descendants of the inhabitants of Katmandu Valley who created the early art of Nepal. Newar artisans, known for their gilded copper and metal sculptures and their extraordinary wood carvings, introduced the pagoda to Tibet. In the thirteenth century, the architect Balbahu and his school of Newar carvers were taken to China by Kublai Khan where supposedly they built for the Mongol emperor that stately pleasure dome in Xanadu.

The Gautama Buddha was born about 500 B.C. in Nepal, near the frontier of India, and through the centuries Hinduism and Buddhism in Nepal have become interchangeable.

Within the pantheon of ancient deities, there is a Living Goddess, the Kumari, worshipped as a divine incarnation of virginity. A Buddhist girl of seven or eight from the Newar people is chosen to occupy the throne until she sheds blood, whether by cuts or at puberty. Then she is replaced by another child. Sometimes you can see her at a window of her temple in Katmandu, her grave eyes, traced in black soot, gazing down at the forbidden pleasures of the marketplace. Only once a year, during the September festival of Indra Jatra, is the Living Goddess, bangled and spangled, paraded in a pagoda-chariot through the maze of Katmandu.

"Nepal is regarded by the modern world as a recently unveiled museum," wrote Dor Bahadur Bista. "Nepalis love their independence and have carefully preserved it, paying a high price in isolation in order to maintain their sovereignty."

Ten million people live within the boundaries of Nepal, five hundred miles long and one hundred fifty miles wide. From above, the mountains look like an immense escalator, out of scale with the Nepalese who are small, courteous, and incredibly strong. "Few countries exhibit such racial, ethnical, linguistic, and cultural diversity within such a small compass," wrote the Swiss geologist Toni Hagen in his book, *Nepal*. "It may rightly be called the 'ethnic turntable of Asia.' "

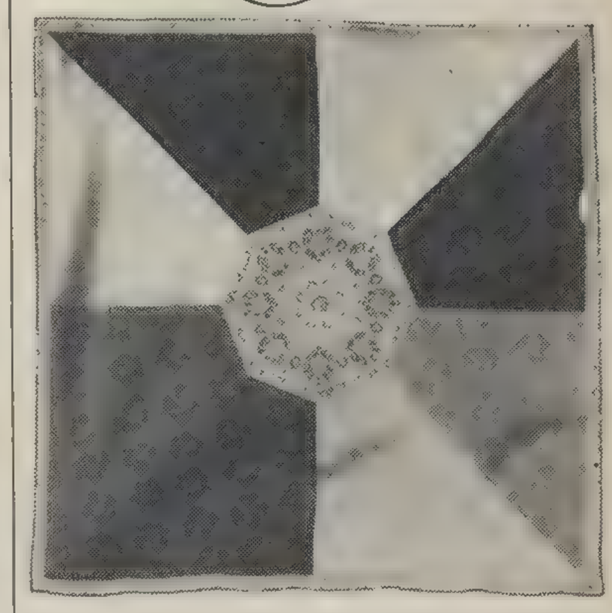
Joggers on an endless trek in a nearly wheel-less world, the Nepalese seem constantly on the move. Carrying, back-borne, an amazing assortment, the people trot silently along hill paths and river beds, jewelled figures in a landscape framed in impasto snow peaks against a royal-blue sky. Farm women, their foreheads strapped with braided ropes supporting baskets of fruits or firewood, may walk ten or twenty miles to the market towns of Patan, Bhadgaon, and Katmandu.

Faraway and fantastic, Katmandu has, like all Nepalese cities, remained mediaeval. Sacred monkeys swing from temple struts and sacred cows meander in its coiling streets. In Nepal, one is struck by the thought that often the most isolated places in the world are the most beautiful. Everything lives in this permissive society, disciplined by caste, complicated by ritual, commanded by the gods.

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Fashion for the sun world

Fashion details for pages 242-269. All coiffures by Suga of Kenneth.

PAGE 242
Corina headband: Saks Fifth Avenue. K.J.L. serpents on upper arm: Henri Bendel. Capri serpents on forearm. House of Joy; Freirich rings: Henri Bendel. Napier leg bracelet.



PAGE 244
Pullover and pants in fuchsia chiffon. By Adolfo (Bianchini fabric). At Saks Fifth Avenue; Nan Duskin; Neiman-Marcus. Pakula necklace.



PAGE 245
Jump suit by Christian Dior-New York; with Mylar. Lord & Taylor; Gidding-Jenny; Bullock's-Wilshire. Rings: Ruza Creations; Jack Gilbert; Bergère. Bernardo sandals.



PAGE 246
Shirtdress by Harold Levine of nylon cigaline (Bucol fabric). About $190. Henri Bendel; Woodward & Lothrop; Joseph Magnin. Belts: Lillian Barkow; Clark for de Lillo: Henri Bendel. Rings: American Indian Arts Center; Flemming; Hattie Carnegie; Bergère; K.J.L.; Roger Van S; Richelieu; Maison de Fou; Robert Originals.



PAGE 247
Organza toga over a bikini-top and trousers. Murray Nieman for Hannah Troy, with Mylar (Kaplan fabric). At Bonwit Teller S'fari Room; Neiman-Marcus; Joseph Magnin. Rings: Stanley Hagler; Richelieu; Napier; Pakula; Flemming; Marvella; House of Joy.



PAGE 248
Coat of painted Mongolian lamb over an orange silk crêpe tunic and white crêpe pants. By Fernando Sanchez for Revillon. Saks Fifth Avenue. Brossin de Méré print. Rings: Pakula.



PAGE 249
Painted sheared white rabbit over a white silk crêpe tunic, brown pants. By Fernando Sanchez for Revillon. At Saks Fifth Avenue. Brossin de Méré print. Rings: Napier; Coro; House of Joy.



PAGE 250
Jewel-belted tunic of deep-purple silk organza over pants. By Deanna Littell (Abraham fabric). At Henri Bendel. To order at Nan Duskin; Neiman-Marcus; Amelia Gray. Rings: Flemming; Freirich; Napier.



PAGE 251
Long flowered silk organza tunic belted in jewels over an avocado silk jump suit. Chester Weinberg. Printed silk: Brossin de Méré at Verron. Bonwit Teller S'fari Room; Nan Duskin; Rich's; Gus Mayer; Swanson's. Tinsel Trading gold braid. Rings: Kramer; Sandor Goldberger; K.J.L.



PAGE 252
Transparent purple silk voile shirt with a shining kilt of silver paillettes. Ginori. Shirt, about $30; kilt, about $75. Both: Henri Bendel; Woodward & Lothrop; J. W. Robinson. Stanley Hagler pin. Rings: Jack Gilbert; Robert Originals; Napier; Flemming. Aliata sandals.



PAGE 253
Indian print over print—sashed silk Paisley tunic and pants. By Bill Blass for Maurice Rentner. At Saks Fifth Avenue; Hutzler's; Swanson's. Pakula rings. Scarfs from Far Eastern. Bracelet on ankle: K.J.L.



PAGE 254
Sky-blue tunic and pants. By B. H. Wragge of Fibranne (Fisba fabric). About $155. Bonwit Teller; Julius Garfinckel; Sakowitz; I. Magnin. Mr. John hat. Doro scarf and Christian Dior for Abbe Creations belt: Bonwit Teller.



PAGE 255
Shirt-tunic in sky-blue Fibranne. By B. H. Wragge (Fisba fabric). About $125. At Bonwit Teller; Hutzler's; Rich's; Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin. Accessocraft necklace: Bloomingdale's. Sunglasses from Rina Sente, Rome. Sandals by Aliata.



PAGE 256
Little Greek-girl dresses of grass-green voile. Rikki for Sport Trio. Wear Dated dresses of Blue C polyester and cotton (Avila fabric). First one, about $25. Bergdorf Goodman; Gidding-Jenny; Bullock's Wilshire. Right, about $40. Bergdorf Goodman.



PAGE 257
Navy - and - copper print dress frosted with flat white sequins. By Trigère, of cotton voile. Martha; Julius Garfinckel; Neiman-Marcus. Tinsel Trading hair band. Stanley Hagler rings and belt. Aliata sandals.



PAGE 258
Dragon fire—gold, red, green, and black on a covered dress of printed silk satin. By Valentino (Taroni fabric). At Martha; I. Magnin. Coppola & Toppo ring.



PAGE 259
Covered for evening—bamboo shoots of white and orange printed on black silk satin. By Valentino (Taroni fabric). At Martha; I. Magnin.



PAGE 260
Small beaded top with long culottes in shades of pink silk and a silk chiffon over skirt. Hanae Mori. At Bergdorf Goodman; Doreas Hardin; I. Magnin. Rings: Napier; Jules Van Rouge; K.J.L.; Castlecliff.



PAGE 261
Bare-midriff dress of pink-and-white chiffon. Malcolm Starr, of nylon and metallic threads. About $250. Miss Bergdorf of Bergdorf Goodman; Woodward & Lothrop; Rich's; J. W. Robinson. Belt: Christian Dior for Abbe Creations, at Bergdorf Goodman. Rings: Jack Gilbert; House of Joy; Robert Originals; Bergère.



PAGE 262
Billowy yellow shirtdress with white organdie cuffs and collar. By Sarmi of silk georgette. At Bergdorf Goodman; Nan Duskin; Sakowitz; I. Magnin. Cuff links: Maison de Fou. Rings: Richelieu; Marvella.



PAGE 263
Flounced shirtdress in red-and-white printed silk organza with a fringed shawl-collar of white silk crêpe. Oscar de La Renta. Saks Fifth Avenue; Higbee's; Swanson's; Sakowitz; El Palacio de Hierro. Rings: House of Joy; Coro; Robert Originals.



PAGE 264
White kimono dress (sash added). Chester Weinberg of silk gazar (Abraham fabric). Bonwit Teller S'fari Room; Frost Bros.; I. Magnin. Rings by Pakula; Sandor Goldberger; Gautier.



PAGE 265
White Pierrot jump suit—ruff collar, huge sleeves, and wide-hemmed pants. Rikki for Sport Trio. Wear Dated costume of Blue C polyester and cotton (Avila fabric). About $100. At Bergdorf Goodman.



PAGE 266
Wrapped green knit, edged in white. Leslie Fay of Dacron double knitted ottoman. About $45. Lord & Taylor; Woodward & Lothrop; Marshall Field; Neiman-Marcus; Joseph Magnin. Mr. John hat. Rings: Pakula; Vendôme; Sandor Goldberger. Aliata sandals.



PAGE 266
Buttoned and checked—pink gingham shirtdress sashed above a dirndl skirt. By Adele Simpson, of Dacron and cotton (Galey & Lord fabric). About $145. At Bonwit Teller; Julius Garfinckel; Rich's; Joseph Magnin.



PAGE 267
White on white: voile shirtdress with lacy cuffs circled by a wide white belt. Kasper for Joan Leslie in double cotton voile (Stoffel-Galey & Lord fabric). Dress has sash. About $120. Lord & Taylor; Jacobson's, Michigan; Joseph Magnin.



PAGE 267
Sheer voile shirtdress striped in blue and white. Anne Fogarty, of Dacron and cotton voile. About $55. At Lord & Taylor; Rich's; Hudson's; Frost Bros.

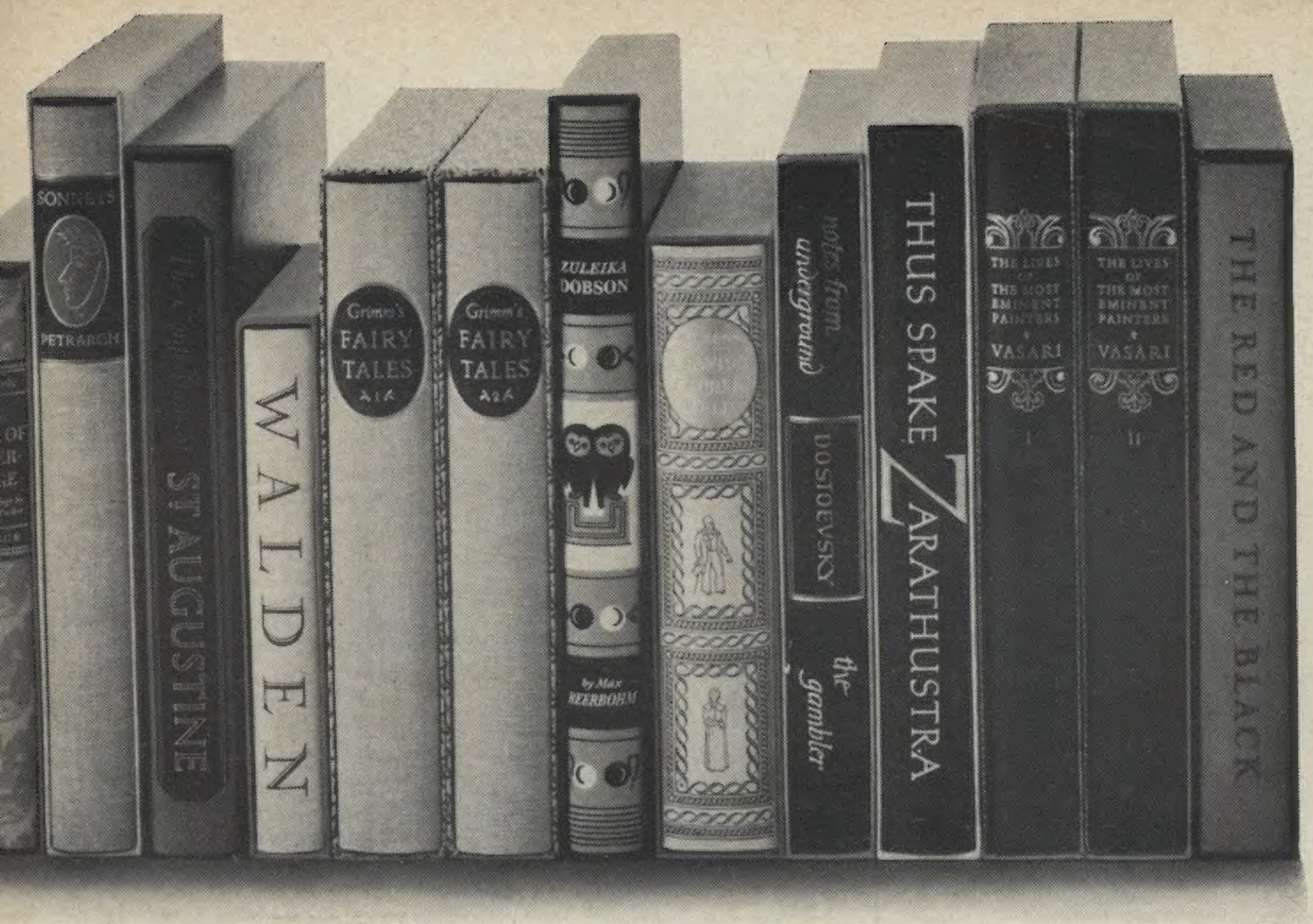


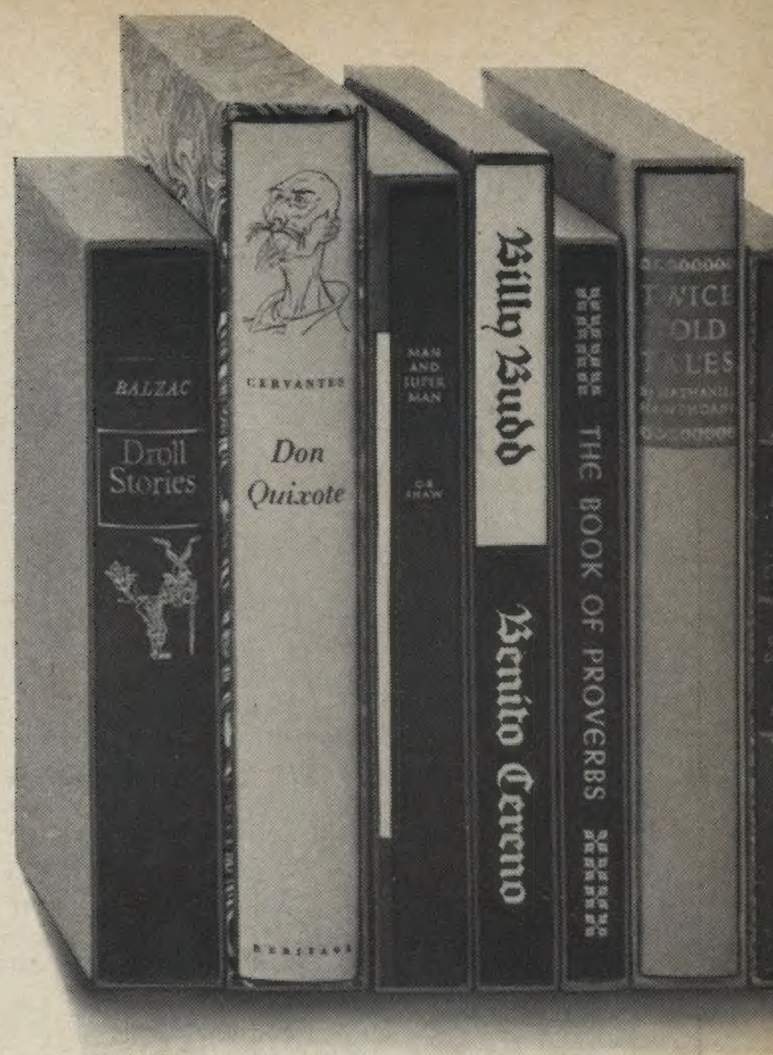
PAGE 268
White plissé crêpe with golden threads, a golden belt, and a second belt of gilt coins and mock pearls. Mollie Parnis, of rayon, silk, and Lurex (Orceyre fabric). Bonwit Teller; Swanson's; Montaldo's; Neiman-Marcus. Lower belt: Christian Dior for Abbe Creations, at Bonwit Teller. Gold braid in hair: Tinsel Trading.

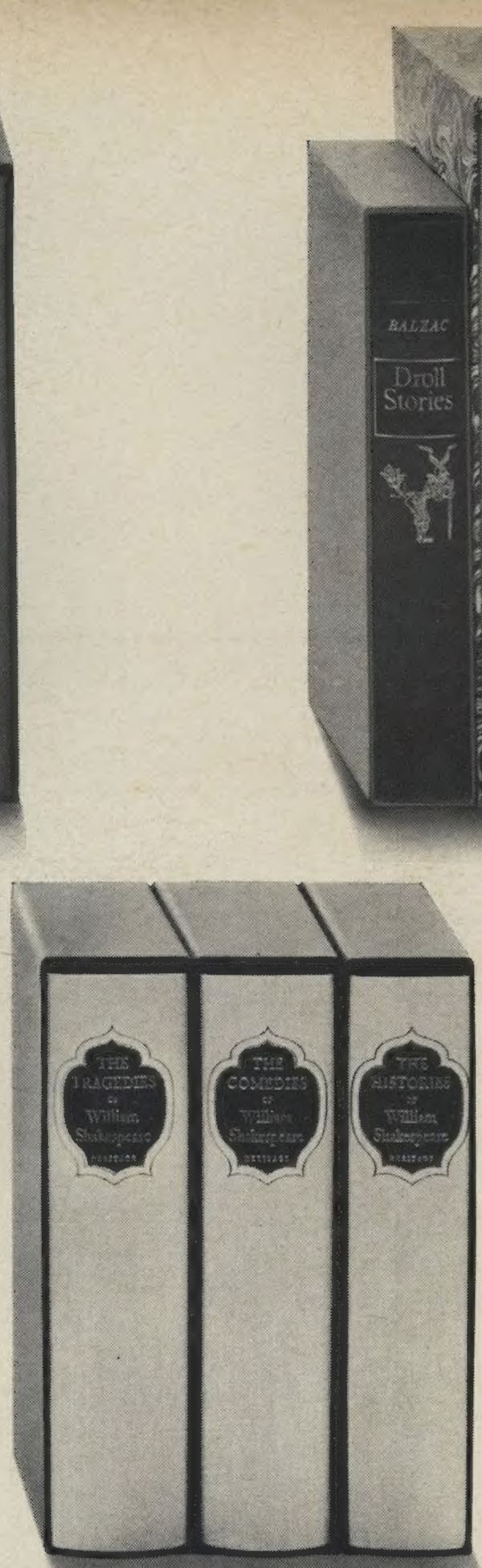


PAGE 269
A small turtleneck of white cotton lace and matching dirndl. By Trigère. Whelan lace. Saks Fifth Avenue; Gidding-Jenny; L. S. Ayres; Maison Blanche. Pompons by Jay.









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